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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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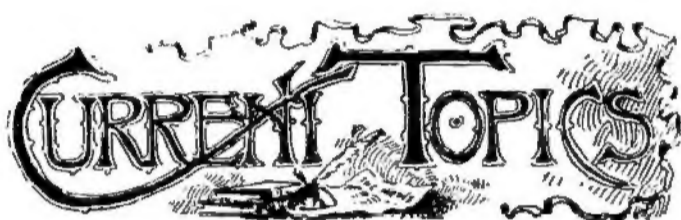
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15th AUGUST, 1891.



Th Late Lieut.-Gen. Luard.

The death of LIEUT.-GEN. LUARD, C.B., calls for more than a passing notice. His military service in a general way has been considerable, he having entered the army in 1845 and served throughout the Crimean and China wars, in both of which campaigns he was specially mentioned in despatches and received promotion for his meritorious services. It is, however, as the commandant of the Canadian militia for five years that he especially demands our attention, and as the first who not only discarded flattery in his various addresses to the officers and men, but who expressed severe censure when he thought such was deserved. Throughout his tenure of office he laboured for the improvement of the force, and no small degree of success crowned his efforts. His difficulties were great; the Department of Militia has really never been well handled since Confederation, the supreme power having been largely in the hands of civilians who, even if they devoted themselves to the interest of the force, have not sufficient technical knowledge of military matters to properly perform the duties. In addition to being hampered by civilian incapacity, his recommendations had to run the fire of a Parliamentary criticism from men utterly ignorant of the military needs of the country and in many cases as utterly careless as to supplying same. On his arrival here, GENERAL LUARD found discipline extremely lax especially in the rural battalions; the stories of the startling attire in which officers were wont to come on parade are founded on fact. On such unsoldierlike practices he was severe, perhaps erring a little in that direction; but such excess of severity was far preferable to the easy acquiescence in slovenly habits which had prevailed to such an extent prior to his regime. At inspections, if the troops did well, he told them so; if they drilled badly, he was honest enough to say so; the consequence was that when a battalion had to parade under his eye every nerve was strained by officers and men to look and do their best. Nothing is more fatal to the efficiency of a volunteer corps

than for its members to be told year after year that their appearance leaves nothing to be desired and that their drill is equal to that of a regular regiment. In the very nature of things the statement is incorrect, and as the men know it to be so they at once lose confidence in the inspecting officer, and care little for his future criticisms. GENERAL LUARD certainly had his faults, but he was a good type of the British soldier, and did his utmost to improve the drill, discipline and equipment of the Militia of Canada.

Montreal Streets.

It is worthy of note that but for the privilege of being able to cross a street dryshod at any point, the present enormous civic outlay in Montreal for paving, etc., will be of little practical benefit to the citizens who trust to their legs for locomotion. We hope that none of our readers will think for a moment that we oppose these improvements; far from it, we cordially endorse the system of improved roadways and other signs of progress. But we contend that too much money is being spent in one direction, and far too little towards reforms that would be of immediate advantage to the average ratepayer, and not exclusively for the one who can afford a vehicle. How is it that while millions are being expended in paving, enough cannot be found to substantially increase the police force and put it on a better footing? The occurrence of brutal assaults on young girls on the streets in broad daylight have followed each other of late with startling rapidity; the total disregard of the average driver for the rights of the foot-passengers at public crossings is getting, if possible, more pronounced than formerly; and the manner in which pedestrians are forced to make the best of their way out into the street to get around obstructions across the sidewalk is a disgrace to civic management. If necessary let less money be put on the surface of the streets and more for the protection of the lives and limbs of the people who are to walk on them; a radical change is essential in the measure of security of our citizens from risk of injury or death. Why is it that during the erection of a new building steps are not taken to enforce a covered pathway around the necessary obstruction, as in Toronto and other large cities; as it is, on St. James and Notre Dame streets to day, pedestrians have to struggle out into the road, incur the double risk of accident from reckless driving and from the falling of material being hoisted up or down, and fight for use of the single plank (the contractors' generous substitute for the sidewalk) with the stream of people moving in the contrary direction. The permitted existence of such a state of things is an outrage; and, coupled with the total absence of policemen at street corners and crossings, would lead strangers to imagine either that we dispensed entirely with such a force, or that the instructions given them were of the most primitive and least useful nature.

"La Patrie" on Imperial Federation.

During the process of sharpening the tomahawk for its daily assault on England and things British, our estimable French *confrère*, *La Patrie*, indulges in many silly mis-statements, the continued reiteration of which betrays either a very limited degree of education on the part of its editorial staff, or a belief in the small measure of intelligence possessed by its readers. In its remarks on Imperial Federation, in a recent issue, it, however, surpasses itself;

as it is not a journal that we think is seen by many of our readers, we reproduce some of its remarks:

"And now, what time is chosen to prepare the absorption of our autonomy by the British Government? The time when that Government has just joined the triple alliance of Prussia, Austria and Italy against France, our Mother Country! At a moment when the Canadians expect it least, they will find themselves compelled to enlist and shoulder the musket to go and fight on the shores of the Mediterranean for the benefit of England, or to invade the coasts of Normandy or Brittany, the sacred land which was the birthplace of their ancestors. With Imperial Federation, we would be, each year, the powerless spectators of a new encroachment on the part of the federal power sitting in London, or at Calcutta, in Asia, at the expense of our dear autonomy. England is seeking sailors everywhere for the war fleet, so much so that the question of converting the young English girls of robust constitution into sailors, is seriously talked of. Thanks to Imperial Federation, England would come to Canada to recruit by force soldiers for its army and sailors for its fleet."

It is needless to say that such rubbish would not be worth reference were it not that *La Patrie* occupies a fairly prominent position among the French papers of this Province, and enjoys a large circulation in Montreal; and it is well to note what species of mis-statements are furnished to our French speaking fellow-countrymen.

The Situation.

Since the death of SIR JOHN MACDONALD a wave of scandal and personal calumny appears to have struck Canada; and we must add, exposure of gross irregularities in public departments. Whatever degree of untruth existed in the evidence adduced at the sessions of the investigating committees, there was enough smoke to indicate a certain amount of flame. SIR HECTOR Langevin's emphatic denial of all the personal charges which have been laid at his door should set at rest every question affecting his honour; but it is equally evident that some of the officials in his department have been unduly influenced by outsiders, and the public purse and interests have thereby suffered. Much that is questionable has evidently been going on in the department for some time back, of which the Minister has doubtless been totally ignorant. But granting this, the irregularities equally reflect on him, as the responsible party; they affect his capacity as chief of one of the most important sections of the public service. His present action in resigning the portfolio is a wise one, and one that will meet the approval of men representing all shades of political thought. The whole episode will emphasize on Ministers of the Crown the urgent necessity of keeping their departments well in hand, and of being *au fait* with every important detail of its work. It is not improbable, and indeed it would undoubtedly be in the interests of the public that a searching investigation be held into every department of the civil service. Those which are well and economically managed will come through the ordeal with flying colours, and can fear nothing from the test; while the reforms made in those—if any there be—in which the pruning knife is necessary, will result in a substantial saving to the revenue and increased efficiency in the work.

A Literary Attraction.

In the next issue of this journal will appear the first instalment of a brilliant serial, BEATRICE AND BENEDICK, A ROMANCE OF THE CRIMEA, by that well known and popular English writer, Hawley Smart. The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has purchased the exclusive right of publication of this story in Canada.



A POOR RECEPTION,
(From the painting by De Lort.)



INSPECTION OF THE 65TH.

The 65th Battalion, Mount Royal Rifles, is the only purely French Canadian battalion in Montreal. The inspection this year took place on June 29th, on the Champ de Mars, and was witnessed by a very large crowd, including many ladies and a large number of officers of other battalions in the city. Lieut. Col. Dugas was in command, and the inspecting officer was Lieut.-Col. D'Orsonnens, whose staff was composed of Major Roy, brigade major of the 6th Military District, and Capt. D'Orsonnens, 85th Battalion. There was a fairly large muster, comprising 310 officers and men, and five horses. The men were put through the various movements by their Lieutenant-Colonel and Major Prevost, and acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. Some awkwardness resulted from an imperfect knowledge of English on the part of some of the men, but on the whole their performance was marked by smoothness and good discipline. At the close of the exercises, which included some very difficult movements, the men were complimented heartily by the Deputy Adjutant General. They then marched through the principal streets before returning to the drill shed for dismissal, and their marching won them hearty applause along the route. The efficiency of the battalion is a subject for hearty congratulation to officers and men.

IN ROTTEN ROW.

No stranger visiting London in the season should fail to spend an afternoon at this most famous of all English streets for social surroundings. Running as it does along one side of Hyde Park, it can be viewed with ease and comfort from any one of the many chairs that can be hired on the border of that vast garden. From May to August of each year the "Row" is crowded with fair women and stately men, chiefly of the aristocracy, mounted on the finest horses in England; while later in the day the avenue is entirely given up to magnificent equipages, splendidly horsed and equipped, with coachmen and footmen in every

conceivable livery. In the open carriages thus slowly moving along the Row, sit the more elderly men and women, all of high social status; and the passer by may see within the short space of a half-hour the most noted people of England. Our engraving is reproduced from *Black and White*.

MINING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our illustration gives a vivid description of miners at work in the Pacific Province. No industry there is of greater importance, the value of exports of coal alone amounting to \$2,000,000 for the year ending 30th June, 1890, while to the discovery of gold the colony owes its early settlement. No royal road to success exists in this laborious calling; the hard physical work is to-day as great a necessity as it was thirty years ago.

ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

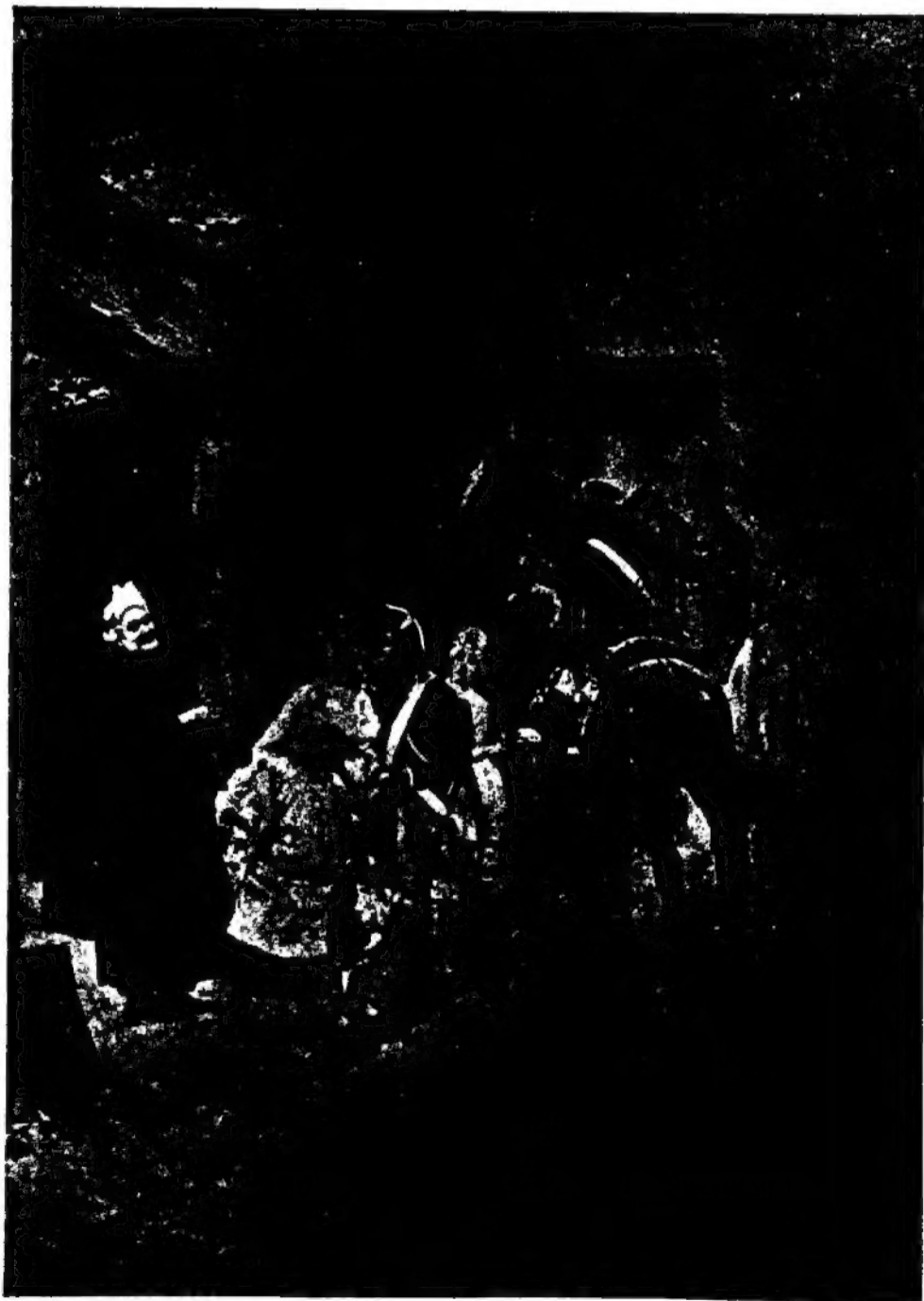
The view shown in our engraving is that of the road and main gate just inside of the military enclosure, which comprises a large portion of the island. The military grounds are of great service as furnishing an excellent site for the annual camps of our local militia; several corps have at different times put in their yearly training under canvas, and thus acquired an excellent knowledge of the many duties of camp life, so necessary as a preparation for active service. The Montreal Field Battery have shown a good example to the other city corps in this respect, by continuously, year after year, doing their annual drill in this way; and much of the proficiency for which they are famous is doubtless due to their thorough practical training under canvas. In our engraving will be seen sentries from the Battery just mentioned, on duty at the gate and in the main-road; also, to the left, the guard tent.

Note.

In our last issue we omitted to state that the engraving entitled "Dinner on a French Liner" is reproduced from *Harper's Weekly* of New York.

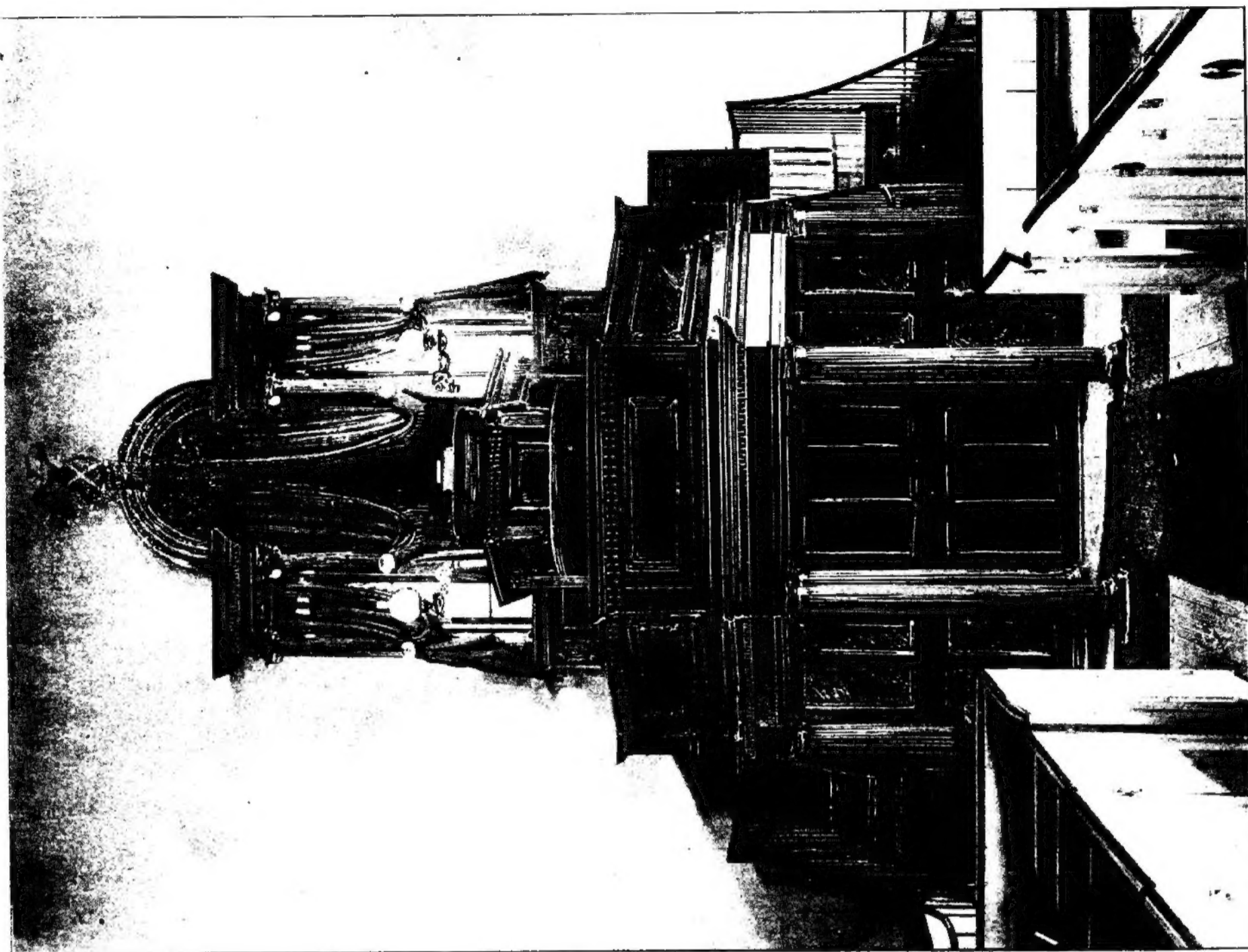
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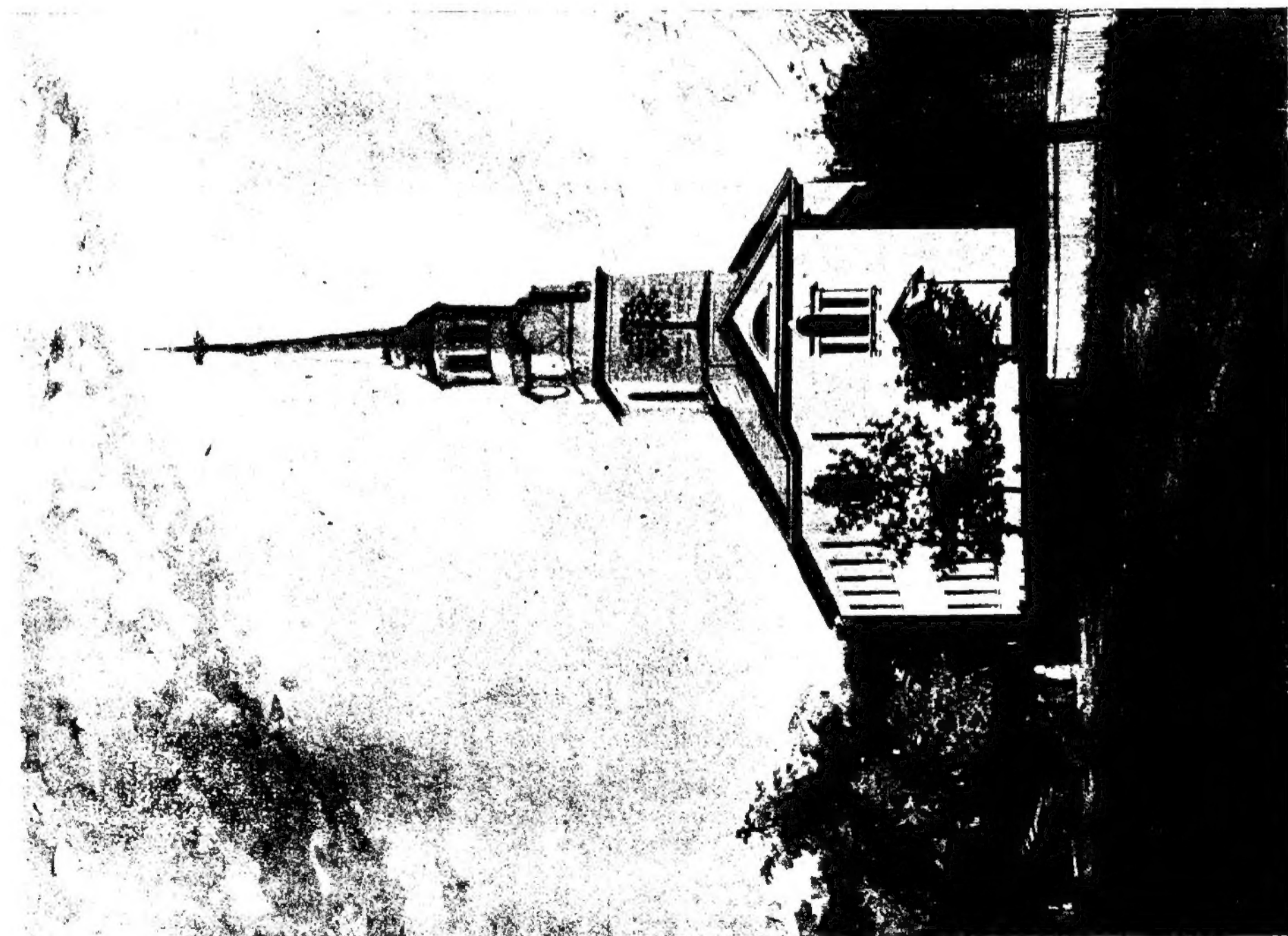
A TENDER ADIEU.

(From the painting by De Lort.)

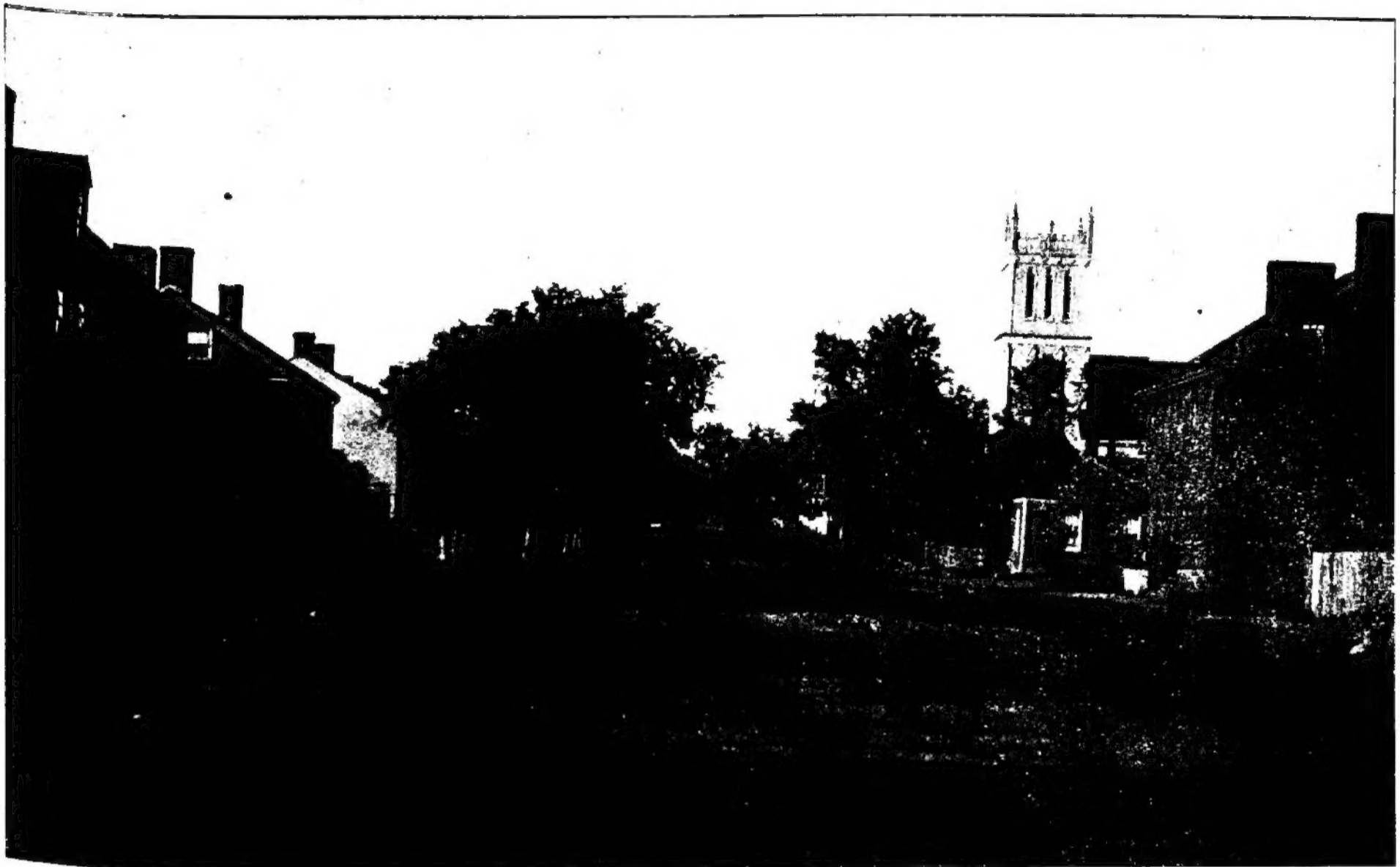


THE PULPIT IN GREENOCK CHURCH.

VIEWS IN ST. ANDREWS, N.B.
(L. A. Allison, Amateur photo.)



GREENOCK (PRESBYTERIAN) CHURCH.

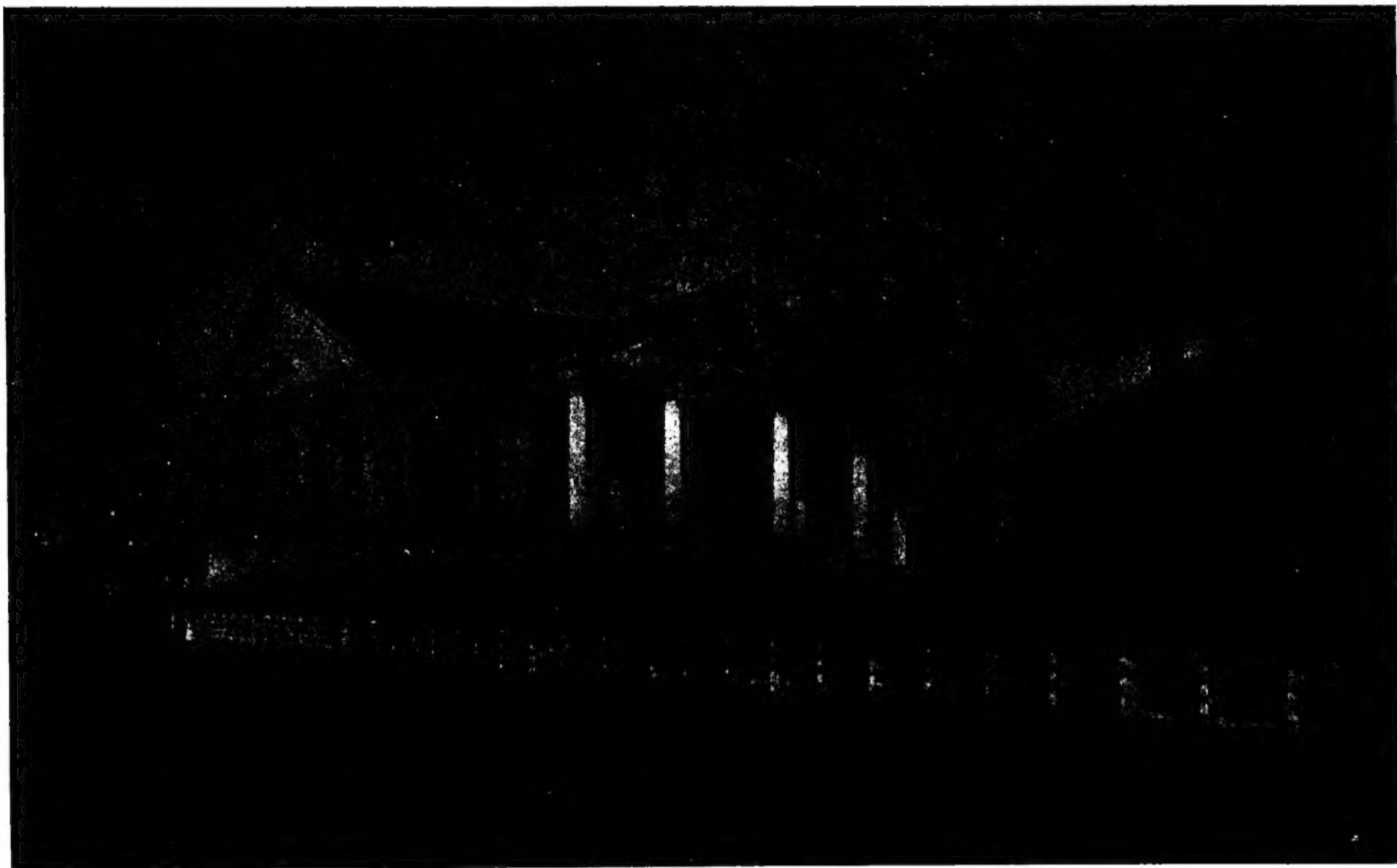


KING STREET, SHOWING EPISCOPAL CHURCH (SPIRE OF R. C. CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE.)



VIEW ON WATER STREET.

VIEWS IN ST. ANDREW, N.B.
(L. A. Allison, Amateur photo.)



THE COURT HOUSE.
VIEWS IN ST. ANDREWS, N.B.
(L. A. Allison, Amateur photo.)

ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

The loveliest summer resort in New Brunswick, except for those who seek salmon fishing only, is undoubtedly to be found at St. Andrews and the adjacent islands of Campobello and Grand Manan. The town was founded by Loyalists in 1784, and rapidly rose to a pitch of commercial importance relatively far greater than it now enjoys. The entertaining old pessimist who haunts the tumble-down wharves relates astonishing stories of the extent of its trade and of the number of large ships that have been often in port here together. However this may be, he is certainly astray when he attributes the decline of commerce to lack of enterprise in the present generation. It was no doubt occasioned by the greater adaptability of other localities both for shipping the products of the province and for distributing its imports.

British troops were quartered here till they were withdrawn from the province, and no doubt the place would become important as a military post in case of war. A force was stationed here in the sixties when the Trent affair and the Fenian raid had made hostilities possible: but now the earthworks are crumbling to decay, the magazine has fallen into ruins, and

"The cannons moulder on the seaward wall."

Of the outlying defences the old Blockhouse was formerly the most important, as it is now the most interesting. It shelters from the storm the children of those it protected from the foe, and the fieldpiece that once dealt destruction from one end now devotes the other to the innocent support of a clothesline.

Departed military glory and waning commerce have, however, left the town its chief attractions, and it is doubtful if any other locality in the Maritime Provinces combines so many essentials of a summer residence. The air is simply charming; fog but rarely shuts out the sun, and, however

bright the skies may be the heat is tempered by a bracing breeze. Whatever of romance attaches to our land is here, where the French, under De Monts and Champlain, made, in 1604, their first settlement in America, and where for centuries before that different branches of the great Algonquin race of Indians had found their favourite camping grounds. Those whose researches have led still further into the past will delight to read the records written by glaciers on the polished head of Chamcook. Fishermen find abundant game in the adjacent lakes and bays. The facilities for sailing, rowing and bathing are unsurpassed. If you wish to enjoy in quiet the reposeful air of a place which the aforesaid E. O. P. declares has a law punishing with immediate incarceration all who are found at work, then betake yourself to one of the large summer hotels or the regular (and excellent) hostelry of the town. If you prefer a short excursion, constant steam communication may be had with Campobello and Grand Manan; with St. Stephen farther up the river or with Eastport down the bay.

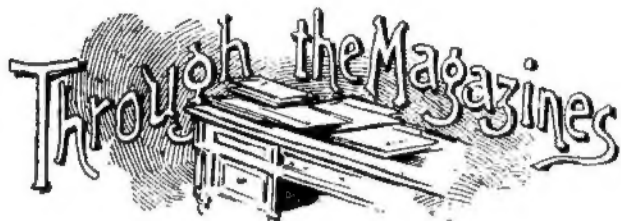
Favourite drives lead to Chamcook Mountain, where, from a point 650 feet above the sea, a magnificent view is had of the peninsula on which St. Andrews is built—flanked by Navy Island in the mouth of the St. Croix, and on the other side by Minister's Island—and, beyond the town, of "the lovely Passamaquoddy Bay" dotted with the white sails of busy fishermen. Turning to the northward one sees the Chamcook lakes lying like the links of a silver chain, and the Schoodic river that suggested to the pious French navigators the name it yet bears of St. Croix. Another beautiful avenue is "the Bar Road" leading to Minister's Island, so-called because granted to the Rev. Samuel Andrews A. M., first rector of St. Andrews, in whose family it yet remains. He came from Wallingford, Conn., and (as we learn from a

tablet in the beautiful Episcopal Church) died in 1818, in the 83rd year of his age and the 59th of his ministry. The bar leading to the Island forms an excellent drive-way when the tide is out: at high water it is "fathom deep in brine."

St. Andrews contains many elegant and comfortable residences, among which may be mentioned that of Lt.-Gov. Tilley; and under the vigorous promotion of an enterprising Land Company eligible sites are rapidly being secured by wealthy strangers. But a few weeks ago the newspapers reported that the manager of the C. P. R. has in contemplation the erection of a summer residence here.

Of the public buildings not yet mentioned the most interesting are probably the Court House—prominently displaying the Royal arms—and the "auld kirk" or Greenock Church. The inscription on the facade states that the latter was finished in June, 1824, and a tablet in the lobby records that it was formally opened for public worship on the first of the following August by Rev. A. McLean. It was then, no doubt, one of the very finest churches in the province. It contains the celebrated double-decked pulpit, which is, indeed, quite unique and is said to have been brought from Scotland at an expense of some £500 by a wealthy and devout merchant. Tradition informs us, however, that when his brethren's church taxes fell into arrears he ascended his lofty pulpit one Sabbath morning, and, after a volley of vituperation, discharged his pistols by way of emphasizing his oburgations, and, departing, locked the door till "all the tithes were brought into the storehouse."

During the Emperor William's recent visit to England, while riding in Rotten Row early one morning he observed a labourer wending his way to work. Wheeling his horse round, the Emperor accosted the man and plied him with question after question on various subjects, until he had obtained all the information he desired; he then produced his purse and handed both it and its contents to the lucky workman.



OUTING.

Everybody reads "Outing" this weather, that is if they read at all. It is always bright and cheery and has a flavour of the sea and of the woods that is especially taking. The August number covers nearly every kind of sport, from "Big Game in Colorado" down to "Grouse Shooting in Ireland." The two articles just mentioned are capital, and "Photographing in the White Mountains," "A Chapter in Lacrosse," and "Scientific Tennis Strokes," cover three popular lines of sport. To us in Canada, Rev. Mr. Gaylor's paper on "Canoeing on the Miramichi," and that by Mr. Sandys on "A Day with the Woodcock," are of much interest; the latter especially is written in a very happy vein, and is certainly one of the best things in the number. Of fiction and poetry, the usual quantity is given, and a good account of the Massachusetts Militia is written by Capt. Taylor, U.S.A.

CANADA.

We have at last a Canadian monthly; a small one, it is true, but of unusual literary ability, and well worth the small sum asked. The July number contains much of interest to all Canadian readers; we must especially mention an article on "Dollard," by Pastor Felix, one of our sweetest writers. Mrs. Curzon, Mr. S. M. Baylis and other well-known *litterateurs* are contributors, while the notes and literary extracts are all well chosen and of much interest. "Canada" is ably edited by Dr. Matthew Richey Knight, himself a poet and writer of note, and is published at Benton, New Brunswick.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

Summer is *par excellence* the time when the magazines receive due appreciation, and our American friends evidently recognize this from the choice bills-of-fare they offer each month to the reader. The August "Cosmopolitan" is very pleasant, both in illustrations and letter press. Fiction forms only a small portion of the contents, but the principal story, "According to St. John," is by one of the most charming of American writers, Amelie Rives, whose portrait graces the first page of the work. "Pictorial Journalism" and the "Woman's Press Club of New York," will be of special interest to newspaper men and women; while to those whose tastes drift towards educational institutions, Mr. Gilman's article on "The Johns Hopkins University," will command first reading. Mr. C. S. Pelham-Clinton writes brilliantly on "The Dukeries," and gives some beautiful illustrations of scenes among England's stately homes. The only discordant feature of the number is General Badeau's paper on "Gambling in High Life;" the subject has been overwritten, and his criticisms on the Prince of Wales are scarcely in good taste. A very clever paper is one on "Dissected Emotions," by J. B. Roberts, appropriately illustrated.

THE CENTURY.

Many and bright are the features of interest in the mid-summer number of this magazine. First comes a charming article on "The German Emperor," by Poultney Bigelow, illustrated with faithful portraits of the kingly William, and Victoria, his Empress-wife. Henry Van Dyke in an interesting paper, "On the study of Tennyson," gives practical hints for systematic research into the Laureate's works. Much historical information of a kind known but to few is contained in "The Press as a News Gatherer," by William Henry Smith, the manager of the Associated Press, and interesting details are given of the manner in which the news is disseminated throughout the United States and Canada. The series of Californian papers is continued in an article on "Cape Horn and Co-operative Mining in '49," enriched with many illustrations, and replete with interesting anecdote. Mr. Herbert D. Ward's fanciful sketch "The White Crown," is well written but rather out of place in this number. Fiction is well represented, a new story by Mary Hartwell Catherwood called "The Little Kerault," being of special interest to Canadian readers; Frank Stockton's serial, "The Squirrel Inn," is advanced another stage; and several short tales will be found very readable. Our New Brunswick bard, Professor C. G. D. Roberts, contributes a few verses entitled "Gray Rocks and Grayer Sea;" while other poems will be found scattered throughout the number.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

The August number of this magazine is worth attention from all thoughtful readers. The Hon. Mr. Gladstone contributes a lengthy article on "Professor Huxley and the Swine Miracle," followed by one from the pen of the Professor named criticising Mr. Gladstone's method of controversy. Of interest to all classes of readers will be found Prof. Stairs' paper on "Dress and Adornment," and Dr. Shufeldt on "Head-flattening as seen among the Navajo Indians," both well illustrated. Mr. North's article on "The Evolution of Woollen Manufacture in America" is a valuable *resumé* of the history of the growth of a great industry. Hon. C. D. Wright argues in favour of "The Value of Statistics," while a somewhat similar sketch is that by Dr. W. H. Smith on "The Practical Outcome of Science." Other papers of much interest will be found in the number.

A Rising Canadian Sculptor.

Among Canadian sculptors in Paris at the present time an honoured place is held by Mr. George W. Hill, a native of Danville, P.Q., and only 27 years of age. From the Richmond marble works to the Art school in Montreal, and thence to Paris in 1888, he showed throughout great promise of future success. After courses in drawing and modelling under the best masters he passed a rigid examination and was admitted into the Beaux-Arts—the



national school of France, and became a student of the famous sculptor Gerome. He has executed numerous busts and bas-reliefs, most of which went to the United States, but some to England. A bust of the late Dr. Culbertson, of Ohio, was regarded, in particular, as of very high artistic merit. Mr. Hill's continued success in his chosen art will be a source of gratification for all Canadians.

Joliette.

In our last issue we gave a few views of the very pretty and flourishing town of Joliette, or, as formerly called, Industry Village. It is in Joliette county, P.Q., on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and distant 42 miles from Montreal; its situation on the banks of a fair sized stream, the river L'Assomption, give its inhabitants the advantage of excellent water-power for manufacturing purposes; this has conducted greatly to the prosperity of the place. Large grist, saw, carding and fulling mills are located there, as well as an extensive foundry and tannery; these have gathered around them a large population, now numbering over 5,000, almost exclusively French-speaking. There are valuable quarries of limestone in the vicinity, and the town is now the business centre and market for thirty agricultural parishes; an extensive business is done in grain and other country produce. Large quantities of pine and spruce timber are also manufactured in the town. A convent, a college and a mechanics' institute afford educational and literary advantages; two weekly newspapers are published, *La Gazette de Joliette* and *L'Etoile du Nord*, as well as two monthly publications, *Le Courant* and *L'Étudiant*. Joliette possesses many energetic and pushing merchants and manufacturers, and is rapidly assuming a prominent rank among the business centres of this province.

Personal and Literary Notes.

Mr. M. H. Spielmann has, we hear, resigned the art-editorship of *Black and White*. The cause assigned for this step is, we regret to hear, ill-health.

An unfortunate accident happened recently to Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer. In climbing a mountain in Switzerland he fell and broke his left ankle-joint. He will be laid up for some time, but no serious results are feared.

An amusing instance of the length to which some people will go to attain political notoriety occurred at the recent election at Wisbech, England. The wife of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Arthur Brand, was present on the platform at all his public meetings, and occupied the intervals between the speeches by singing popular songs.

Admirers of Lord Lytton's novels in particular and collectors of illustrated books will be interested to hear that an *édition de luxe* of that remarkable series of prose romances is to be published by Messrs. Routledge & Son, in thirty-two fortnightly volumes, containing in all one hundred photogravures in illustration of the text.

The will of the late Dr. Henry Schliemann was opened in Athens a few days ago. The two oldest children of the explorer's divorced wife, now living with their mother in St. Petersburg, receive each 1,000,000 francs. Madame Sophie Schliemann-Kostromenos, the second wife, receives also 1,000,000 francs and the three beautiful houses owned by Schliemann in the Greek capital. Two of these houses contain valuable art treasures, while the third includes the Schliemann Museum. The two children of his second marriage also inherit each 1,000,000 francs from their father. A mausoleum for the Schliemann family is being built at present in the beautiful cemetery near Athens.

In a letter dated July 15, from Rev. B. Chappelle, Aoyama, Tokyo, Japan, he writes:—"Conference has just closed after a long but very pleasant session of eight days. We remain at Aoyama, but Rev. J. W. Wadman goes to Hiroshima, in the north, as presiding elder of the Aomori district, teaching a little each day in the To-o Gigikee at Hiroaki. This is his own desire, as he wishes to get the language as quickly as possible, so that he may preach with freedom in Japanese. We have had a very pleasant year, and everything indicates a very pleasant year before us.

Rev. Messrs. Chappelle and Wadman are Canadians, and were formerly connected with the Methodist conference of N. B. and P. E. Island.

Landon and His Wife.

Landon's domestic unhappiness was too well known to be ignored; and I have known him refer to the circumstances occasionally, but I never heard him utter a word of blame. He said merely that "life was rendered impossible to him in Italy." I have heard him regret, when contrasting other and more congenial marriages, that he "unfortunately was taken by a pretty face."

Kenyon related to me an incident in the Landon honeymoon that is significant. On one occasion, it seems, the newly-married couple were sitting side by side; Landon was reading some of his own verses to his bride—and who could read more exquisitely? when all at once the lady, releasing herself from his arm, jumped up, saying: "Oh, do stop, Walter; there's that dear delightful Punch performing in the street. I must look out of the window." Exit poetry forever!

Landon gave me a characteristic account of his parting from his family. "There was no quarrel," he said, but he had resolved in his own mind to leave his home. The evening before, it seems, he had said: "Mrs. Landon, will you allow me the use of your carriage to-morrow morning to take me the first stage out of Florence?" The request was accorded, no further words passed between this ill-sorted couple, "and so the next day I left forever," said Landon. *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

Nicknames of Poets.

Some one gives the following as the nicknames of certain authors: Emerson—The Sphinx. Schiller—The Republican Poet. Goethe—The Poet of Pantheism. Shelley—The Eternal Child. Keats—The Resurrectionized Greek. Byron—The Poet of Passion. Moore—The Butterfly. Jeremy Taylor—The Shakespeare of Divines. Coleridge—The Insulated Son of Reverie. Bunyan—Sponsor of the People. Shakespeare—The Myriad Minded. Ben Jonson—The Divine Bully of the Old English Parnassus. Spenser—The Poets' Poet. Chaucer—The Well of English Undeified, or the Morning Star of English Poetry. Caedmon—The Milton of the Forefathers.—*New York Tribune*.



THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

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EXT morning, when the sun lay warm and bright on all the fair world, a solemn and beautiful scene was enacted in the room where the old Squire had died. There were present only Lady Emily Ayre, Rachel and her children, and Lord and

Lady Winterdyne, by their own request.

"Till death do us part!"

A visible emotion thrilled all present as these significant words fell from the lips of the old Vicar who had officiated at that other marriage service we had witnessed long ago in the church of Studleigh.

It was believed by all present that William Ayre's marriage-day would likewise be the day of his death.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE PHYSICIAN'S VERDICT.

"I confess I am surprised that Mr. Ayre has disappointed my expectations by gathering strength when he ought, by established precedent, to have

lost it. We cannot understand it, but the fact remains, and I for one, see no reason why he should not live for many years."

Of this opinion an eminent medical man delivered himself in the library at Studleigh on the afternoon of a dull, wintry-looking September day. He was in the room alone with Lady Emily, and he noticed a peculiar expression come upon her face while he was speaking. It was not exactly the expression he had looked for in response to his hopeful remarks, and he looked as he felt, extremely puzzled.

"I see you scarcely credit me, Lady Emily, but I assure you I speak in sober earnest. I find your son distinctly better since I examined him last at Bournemouth, in June. You may with confidence impart this hopeful news to his wife. Poor young lady, it will relieve her mind of a heavy burden."

"I question that."

The words seemed forced from Lady Emily's lips, and the physician regarded her with increased and visible surprise.

"Pardon me, but your words astonish me, Lady Emily," he said, quickly. "Is there any reason why the verdict I am justified in giving to-day regarding his state of health should not make her boundlessly happy?"

"Yes, there is a reason. Sit down, Doctor Phillips, and let me speak. You have known us for many years; you knew my husband, and it is sometimes a relief to speak to an outsider. My son's wife married him, believing that by so doing she would make happy the last hours of a dying man. As you are aware, she is my niece, but, perhaps, you are not aware that she was engaged to be married to Lord Winterdyne's son, who was killed at Isandihwana."

"No, I did not know," said the physician, quickly. "And do you mean to say she married Mr. Ayre simply and solely for the reason you name, and that she has no affection for him?"

"I believe so. I am sure of it."

"Then she did him a great wrong," was the grave answer. "But I can scarcely believe it. To see them together one would believe them to be bound up in each other. You may be mistaken. I trust you are, for the happiness of all concerned."

Lady Emily shook her head.

"I fear not. What would you advise? It is a most painful situation, is it not?" she said, with a pathetic smile. "And yet my son cannot die, even if he would."

The doctor laughed.

"Dear Lady Emily, do you take my advice and not trouble yourself about this matter; it will right itself," he said cheerily. "Above all, don't let our patient think that in *not* dying he has disappointed expectation. It would be too absurd. I confess I do not see much cause for anxiety. I think you are needlessly concerning yourself."

"Do either of them know the opinion you have expressed to-day regarding his condition?" she asked.

"No. I came straight down to you, because I fancied you had suffered most," said the physician, with a grave kind of sympathy which went to his listener's heart.

"I will try to be cheerful as you advise," she said, trying to smile. "After all, as you say, it is too absurd that we should feel as if we were disappointed. I do not feel so, only I can scarcely believe that I dare hope. I have suffered so much, and so long."

"But you will have your compensations now. Who knows but that one day you will hold the heir in your arms? Look at the bright side, and the rest will follow you," said the physician, cheerily, as he shook hands and went his way.

It was now nearly a month since that impressively simple marriage ceremony had taken place in the house at Studleigh; a month of curious experience for all within its walls. But, although the Squire still lingered, none had dared to hope that there was any substantial improvement in his condition, or that the end could be very long delayed. Therefore the physician's favourable verdict was something of a shock to Lady Emily. Her heart beat tumultuously as she slowly ascended the stairs after he had gone. She felt strangely excited, and, now that she had realized it, almost happy. She had given him up so often—had so many times resigned herself to the inevitable—that resting on an assurance upon which she had the utmost confidence, she felt as if a new vista had been opened up to her. Something of her inward satisfaction was expressed in her beaming face when she entered her son's room, and when he somewhat languidly raised his head, he was instantly struck by it.

"Well, mother, what does Phillips say? How much longer am I to cumber the ground and wear out your patience?" he asked with a slight smile. "I hope he gave some definite satisfaction. I asked him straight out, but he 'heard me as he heard me not,' and went away. Tell me quite frankly. I can bear it."

Lady Emily crossed to her son's couch, and, sitting down by his side, laid her hand on his head. "Ministered unto by such a mother and such a wife," he said, dreamily, "life during these lingering days has been passing sweet. Mother, I did not think dying could be made so easy. If this be dying, it is easier to die than live."

"William, tell me, have you felt no better these few days; stronger, more interested in life? I have fancied so," she said, with a visible agitation.

"I have fancied myself so, and Evelyn will try to persuade me, but that cannot be," he said, quietly.

"My son, you will live. Death is farther off than it has ever been. I have Doctor Phillip's authority for what I say," she said, tremblingly.

He looked at her for a moment with wide, questioning eyes, but his face showed no satisfaction nor happy dawn of hope.

"Mother, surely that is impossible," he said, at length, slowly, and with difficulty.

"It is true, my son. But you do not look as if I had brought you happy news of a new lease of life," she said, with a strange, wavering smile, but for a time he gave her no answer, and she, sitting silent by his side knew that he was thinking of his dearest. Strange that even *that* knowledge had lost its sting for the proud heart of the mother, since she had opened it to admit another love.

"You know," he said at length, turning his face once more to her, "you know that I am thinking of Evelyn. If this thing be true, what is to become of her?"

"I am thinking of that too, William," she answered with responsive gravity. "She is your wife, dear, and I feel sure that her wifely duty

will never fail you. We know that in Rachel Ayre's daughter we cannot be disappointed."

"But that for me is not enough," he said wearily, and she saw his face grow grey and pinched in the shadow. "Mother, I have done her a cruel and irreparable wrong. I cannot set her free, though, God knows, I would gladly do so. What do they mean by telling a man he is dying, by setting a limit to his days, when they know no more of life and death than the babe unborn? It seems to me that their boasted skill is of all farces the most wretched and despicable."

She sat silent, understanding and sympathising with his passionate outburst, and yet unable to utter a word of comfort. To her the situation seemed most painful, and the outlook for the happiness of her son and his wife most gloomy.

"Mother, it unmans me to think of that bright creature tied, if I live, to a wretched, broken-down life, which can be but half a life at best. Oh, it was most unnatural and cruel to bind her. Why did nobody point out my selfishness? I saw it in Clement's face once, but he held his peace. It would have been better had they taken her away where her sweet compassion would never have been appealed to. Why did nobody speak? It was cruel! cruel!"

"My son, Evelyn was spoken to by Clement and by others," answered Lady Emily, quickly. "I do assure you she was not coerced. She married you of her own will freely, and I do not think she is very unhappy. It is not as if she disliked or despised you. She has always had a cousinly affection for you, William, and there are many marriages happy enough in the main which are built upon a less sure foundation."

William Ayre only wearily shook his head.

"You say these things to comfort me, mother, but the fact remains. Evelyn married me, believing that I had not many days, perhaps not many hours, to live. The possibility that I might recover never once suggested itself to her mind."

"And do you mean to say, William, that you believe she will feel herself aggrieved?"

"She has the right to be. If she refuses to keep the vows she took that day she has right upon her side. She shall be absolutely free, but who is to tell her this? God help me, I cannot."

"William, I do think you take a morbid view of it," his mother said, quickly. "Who has seemed so anxious, who so devoted, during these weary days as Evelyn? So marked has her attention been that Doctor Phillips spoke of it to me to-day, and of the happiness it would be to her to hear his favourable verdict."

"What you say is all true, but I see in it only the natural outcome of a woman's tender care for the sick and dying. It is better that I should face the true case manfully than shirk the issues which sooner or later must be met," he said with a kind of impatience which betrayed the keenness of his feelings. "Mother, will you leave me for a little, and see that I am not disturbed. I want to think this matter out. Above all, see that Evelyn does not come here. Say I am asleep, or anything, only keep her away."

Lady Emily rose up with a heavy sigh, and with a kiss left him to fight his silent battle. She locked the door from without, and, slipping the key in her pocket, went down to the drawing-room, where she found Rachel waiting with visible anxiety.

"I saw Doctor Phillips go some time ago," she said, quickly. "What did he say to-day? I was glad that Clement had kept Evelyn out of the way while he was here."

"Have they not come back? I am glad of it," Lady Emily said, hurriedly, and then to Rachel's great amazement suddenly burst into tears. It was very seldom, indeed, that the self-possessed woman so gave way, and to Rachel's mind it had but one significance.

"Dear Lady Emily, we have been long preparing for this, but it must always come as a shock," she said, tenderly. "There are many to help you to bear your sorrow when it comes. It is a common sorrow to us all."

"Strange, is it not, that I should weep at what I am glad of?" said William Ayre's mother, almost

solemnly. "I am overwrought. I seem to have utterly lost all my powers of self-control. And yet I never needed them more, for there is a crisis to be faced, and it must be faced at once."

She dashed the tears away from her eyes with something of her old imperiousness, and sitting up, looked straight into the grave, wondering face of her sister-in-law.

"The physician's verdict to-day is the reverse of what we expected. He says my son will be restored to health. It is a fearful complication. Poor Evelyn! she does not know what is in store for her."

For one moment only Rachel did not speak; and then it was with a swift and ready smile.

"What will you say if I tell you I have been preparing myself for this, that I have marked the improvement, but feared to say anything lest your hopes should be disappointed?"

"And do you mean to say that it is no sorrow, no disappointment, to you that your daughter will be bound for life to a delicate husband?"

"Why should it be? I see what lies heavy on your heart, Lady Emily. You fear that Evelyn will look at it from your standpoint. I think differently, and I am her mother. I do not say that at the present moment, perhaps, she entertains for Will the love a wife should have, the love of which you and I have known the sweetness and the strength, but I do say that there is no reason why it should not come."

A light, like the strong, beautiful dawning of a new day shone upon Lady Emily's face.

"May God bless you, Rachel, for ever and ever. It has been your happy privilege to be a blessing to many, but I question if you have ever so directly blessed a human soul as you have done to-day. If I could only believe you—oh, what a future I might look forward to, what hopes might blossom in my heart for my son and daughter. God grant that there may be truth in what you say."

"I am sure of it," repeated Rachel, with that gentleness which was part of herself. "Have you been with Will? Has he any idea of this, or were you afraid to tell him?"

"I have told him. He is in the depths of despair, Rachel. He thinks he has blighted Evelyn's life. It will need a great deal to reassure him. I believe," she added, with a quivering smile, "that the poor boy would die if he knew how. There would be something comical in it if it were not so intensely solemn and pathetic."

"Will you allow me to go to him now, before Evelyn returns?" asked Rachel. "Evelyn herself shall reassure him, but I shall pave the way. He used to put great faith in what I said. I must put his faith to the test to-night."

"Ay do. He believes in you, and reverences you above all women," said Lady Emily; and as she rose up, she laid her hand on her sister-in-law's shoulder, and for a moment they looked at each other in silence. "There have been many strange passages between you and me, Rachel," Lady Emily said. "Sometimes I look at you in simple wonder, asking myself wherein you differ from other women. The relations between us are not of an ordinary kind. We must either love each other with no ordinary love, or the reverse. My heart has gone out to you as it never went out to a living woman before. Do you forgive me? No, I will have no evasion. Tell me so with these lips which have never lied."

"I forgive you, since you will have your pound of flesh," said Rachel, with a sunny smile, and then the lips of these two women met for the first time in a kiss of peace—a kiss which blotted out the past, and was an earnest of sweeter, brighter, happier days to come.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"That has done you all the good in the world, Evy. I must come and take you out every morning."

"It has done me good. I feel like a new creature, and Caliph has carried me splendidly, though Will seemed rather nervous. Just stand still a moment, Clem, and let us admire this prospect. Isn't it glorious?"

They drew rein on the brow of the moorland road, and turned back to look at the magnificent valley through which the winding Ayre crept like a gossamer thread.

"See, yonder is Winterdyne," said Clement, pointing with his riding switch far ahead. "Don't you see the tower and the flagstaff?"

"No, I don't," answered Evelyn, with a merry laugh. "Love has sharpened your eyes, Clem. I wish it had been a little nearer, so that I could see Sybil oftener," she added, with some gravity. "I couldn't love her any better though she were my own sister to-morrow."

"I'm glad of it. Haven't they behaved splendidly about poor Will, Evy? I'll tell you what I think, that if more of our aristocracy were like the Winterdynes we would hear less about class feuds."

"I believe it. Shall we go now? How delicious the wind is, though it felt chilly as we rode out. Yes, I must have a canter on Caliph every morning."

She stooped down over the animal's beautiful neck, and caressingly laid her hand on his head. Clem, with a sudden rush of brotherly pride, thought how well horse and rider accorded, each being beautiful and full of life. He fancied he had never seen his sister look more fair. The dark, perfect-fitting habit, the dainty hat, the white band at the neck, and the exquisite flush on her face, all combined to make a vision of loveliness which even Sybil could not eclipse. And as his thoughts reverted first to a solitary grave on a foreign battle field, and then to the prostrate form of the Master of Studleigh, as he had seen it only an hour ago, his heart swelled with the bitterest rebellion.

"What is it, Clem?" she asked, softly, seeing the deepening shadow on his face.

"Nothing. I was thinking. I can't help it, Evy. I am a brute, but I must speak. I was thinking of poor Hal, and of Will, and of you. Nobody ever deserved a more brilliant or a happier life. I declare, when I see you as you are looking now, I feel desperate, upon my word I do."

A wavering smile crept over her sweet mouth, and she bent still lower over Caliph's neck.

"Don't fret about me, Clem, dear. I am not very miserable. Sometimes I think I am not miserable at all," she said, in a low voice. "There are times when I think of Harry—I do sometimes think of him, Clem, and then I feel very forlorn. But I do not regret having married Will. It has made him so happy, and he loves me so dearly."

Clem made no answer, though some words trembled on his lips—a question he had been longing to ask for some days. To his surprise Evelyn forestalled.

"I want you to tell me quite frankly, Clem, what you think of Will. Do you think he is getting any worse," she asked, suddenly.

"I do not," Clem answered, with blunt abruptness. "In fact, I believe he is better. Is there not something awfully tragic in the very idea that we should be waiting for him to die, and he won't."

"I am not."

Evelyn's voice rang out sharp and shrill on the keen, cool air. "Don't imagine that I have asked the question hoping for a different answer. I have faced all the issues, Clem. The night before my marriage I asked myself, solemnly, what it would mean for me if Will should recover and should require a lifetime of wifely duty at my hands? Do you think in such circumstances there are many women who would not have faced that contingency?"

"You are a wonderful girl, Evelyn. I don't think I know anything about you. Here mamma and I have been torturing ourselves about it, and wondering what was to be done if poor Will should recover, while you have calmly settled in your own mind every issue. I do not understand women, Evy. I treat them as conundrums and give them up."

A little laugh escaped Evelyn's lips.

"You will know more about them some day. Sybil will teach you well. She has her whims and caprices which will mystify you, even more than I do," she answered. "Well, shall we go now?"

"In a moment. Tell me first, Evelyn, what you think about poor Harry? Forgive me if I hurt you, but I want to understand that. It would make my mind easier. You see he was an uncommonly good fellow, and he was fond of you."

Evelyn turned her fair head away, and it was a moment before she answered.

"I am beginning to think, Clem, that I cannot have cared so much for Harry as he did for me. The suddenness of our parting made me imagine a great many things, and the awful shock of his death was harder for me to bear, because I had begun to realize in a sense I had hardly been true to him."

"In that case, for the first time since it happened, I can say I believe it was better that he did not live to come home. He simply worshipped you, Evelyn. I am glad that he died believing that you cared for him. It made him happy at the end, and now it is the living we have to think of. I hope, for your sake, that Will has obtained a new lease of life." As he spoke, he leaned forward, kissed his sister, and took his hand from her bridle rein. Then in silence they rode home together.

From his sunny window, William Ayre saw them ride up the avenue, and he grew sick at heart as his eyes dwelt with awful longing on the bright, radiant face of his wife. His wife! Bound to him by an indissoluble bond which he could not loose, "until death do us part."

She saw him at the window, and waved her hand to him, as she vaulted lightly from her saddle. Before any one could detain her, or speak a word to her, she had run lightly into the house and upstairs to her husband's room. When Rachel heard her foot on the corridor, she slipped into an adjoining dressing room, and out to the drawing-room landing by another door.

"Oh, Will, I have had such a lovely ride all the way to Copley Downs, and over the moor to Ayreleigh!" she cried, as she entered the room. "And Caliph carried me like a lamb. Won't you make him over to me for my very own?"

He had no answer to her gay chatter, and when she came to the side of his couch she saw instantly that something graver than usual troubled him.

"It was too bad of me, Will, to leave you so long. Do you know, we have been two hours away, and talking over old times we forgot the flight of time. But I do not think," she added, with an indescribably tender touch, "that we ever for a moment forgot you."

"I am glad, dearest, that you have enjoyed yourself. I must ask Clem to take you out every day. It has done you so much good. Evelyn, you are a most lovely creature."

Her colour rose at this quiet but telling praise.

"Clem has been flattering me this morning, Will, and I'm utterly vain. Now, let us talk about you. Clem and I are agreed on one point for once in our lives. Dear, we believe that you are not getting worse, but that you are getting better, Will."

He gave a great start, and she wondered to see the painful flush overspread his face.

"Has any one told you, Evelyn? Do you really believe that, and yet can bear to look at me?" he asked, with a nervous haste which astonished her.

"Why, Will, what are you talking of?" she asked, with a slight quiver of her lip. "Let me tell you; we stood for a little while on the moor edge talking about things, and after we had agreed that you were getting better, I looked across the lovely country, and said to myself, some day, perhaps not very far distant, Will and I will ride here together and admire the scene. If you are not very lazy, dear, perhaps we may do that before the snow comes this very year."

William Ayre turned upon his elbow and fixed his earnest eyes on his wife's face. She never forgot that look. It was the expression of a man who was weighing a matter of life and death.

"Evelyn, can you face the prospect of a lifetime, even a short lifetime, with me cheerfully," he asked, with a strange hoarseness in his voice.

"Oh Will!" was all she said; and he saw her bright eyes grow dim.

"I was lying here for an hour torturing myself because I in a moment of extreme selfishness, urged you to the forging of a bond Scripture itself says no man may put asunder. When I saw you ride up the avenue a picture of youth and strength and loveliness, and realized what I had done, I turned my face to the wall, and prayed that my new strength might go from me and that I might die."

"Oh, Will!" she said again, and this time her face was hidden.

"I have been trying to find some solution of the difficulty, but there is none. Suppose you voluntarily left me, and if you wished to do so I should not seek to keep you," he went on, in his quiet, hopeless voice. "Still you would not be free, still no other, however dear to you, could seek your love. I have done a great and irreparable wrong, my dearest. May God forgive me for it."

"And you cannot find any solution to the difficulty, Will," she said, at last, in a low toned and tender voice, though still keeping her face hidden. "Two heads are better than one. Suppose we try it together."

"What would you say then, Evelyn?" he asked, in a voice so eager and earnest that a faint tremulous smile hovered for a moment on her lips, but he did not see it.

"You have had your say, Will," she said presently. "Suppose I speak now?"

She sat up, tossed her hat to the floor, and with a pretty wilful gesture pushed back the dark locks which the wind had ruffled so unmercifully.

"It is very kind of you to torment yourself about my settlement in life, and even to give a thought to the 'braw wooer' who might ride down the glen," she said, quite soberly, though there was a gleam of laughter in her eyes. "But don't you think, Will, that this unvarnished candour on your part is a little hard on me? You see I've got to be a person of importance in this house. I find it quite an enviable position to be a squire's wife," she continued, when he made no answer. "Suppose, instead of laying a great many plans to get rid of me you give me a chance to distinguish myself as mistress of Studleigh Manor? I assure you I shall try to bear my honours meekly."

"Evelyn, you speak almost as if it would be no hardship," he said, and the painful intensity of both look and tone completely broke her down.

"Oh, Will, how blind you are, how wilfully blind!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Can't you see that trying to learn in this room lessons of patience and resignation has been an utter failure, and that I have learned only one thing in the wide earth?"

"And that?"

But she would not satisfy him yet. She walked slowly to the far end of the long, beautiful room, and looked away over the treetops to the misty downs, across which the cool south wind was sweeping with unbroken force.

"Yes, it is a lovely spot, Will, and I love it better than any place on earth," she said, by-and-bye, when she came slowly back to his side. "I am prouder of being its mistress than of anything else in the world, except of your love for me."

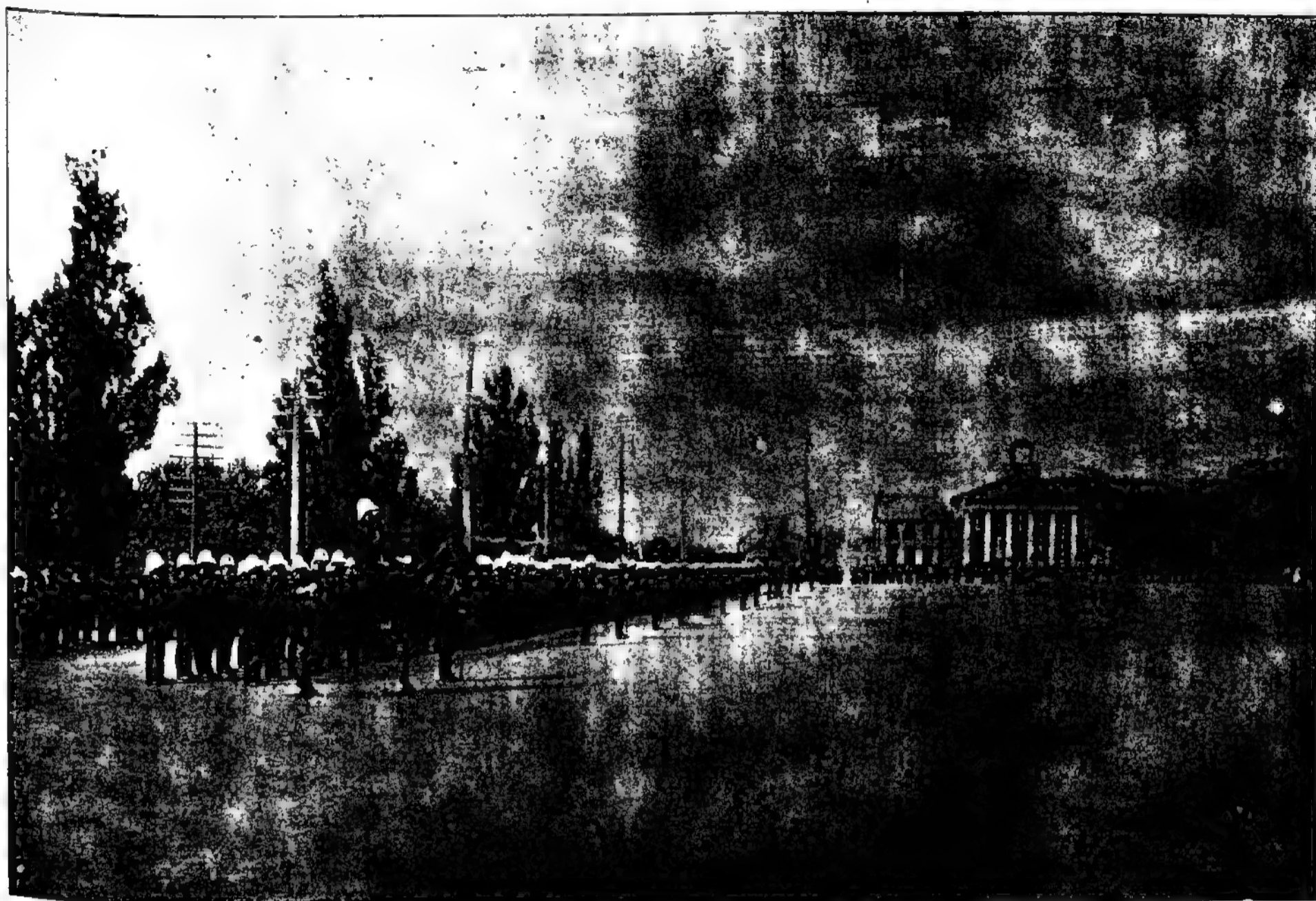
She knelt down by him and let her beautiful eyes meet his without faltering.

"Looking forward, Will, I see a husband and wife living a blessed life together in this dear home," she said, dreamily. "Trying out of gratitude for mercy vouchsafed, to live a life which shall bless others also. It will not be very hard for the husband, because already he has learned how to bless the lives of others, and the wife will not be very anxious about her share, because she will always have such a wise and loving counsellor by her side. Do you understand me now, Will, and are not two heads better than one?"

"Your words are charged with blessed meaning, Evelyn, but you must be plainer still. Can it be possible that in the future you have so exquisitely sketched, you might learn to care a little, even for me?"

"Even for you."

She laid her head down upon his arm and rested her hot cheek on his hand.



INSPECTION OF 65th BATTALION, MONTREAL, JUNE 29.

"Was ever man so hard to convince? Why, Will, I love you now with all my heart; and I believe," she added, with a little break in her voice, "I believe I have loved you all my life and did not know it."

They were amazed at the rapidity with which the Squire recovered his lost strength. From that day he became a new man, and in less than a month's time was able to journey to the sunny south to establish the cure love had wrought. Husband and wife took the journey alone. There never was much said about it, but it very gradually began to dawn upon them that it would be better so; nay, that though grateful to those who had so loved and cherished them, the time had come for them to be alone.

Some months later, in the bright spring month which was to witness the bridal of Sybil and her brave soldier, the Squire and his wife returned to their own; and when the Lady Emily saw the bronzed and bearded man, still slender of figure, but straight and lithe and strong, come up the carriage-way, with his wife leaning heavily and proudly on his arm, while the people who loved him rent the air with their hurrahs, she was totally overcome.

"Courage, Emily!" said Rachel, the faithful and true, ready, as of yore, to speak the tender word in season. "God has been very good to us, and to our children. Are they not a noble pair?"

"Ay. I was but thinking how very little I had aided in the formation of my son's character. I owe a great debt, Rachel, to you and yours—a great debt. It is love and happiness which have restored my son, even that I owe to you."

"Hush, here they are!" And the next moment Evelyn's happy face was hidden on her mother's breast, and the joy of reunion was perfect.

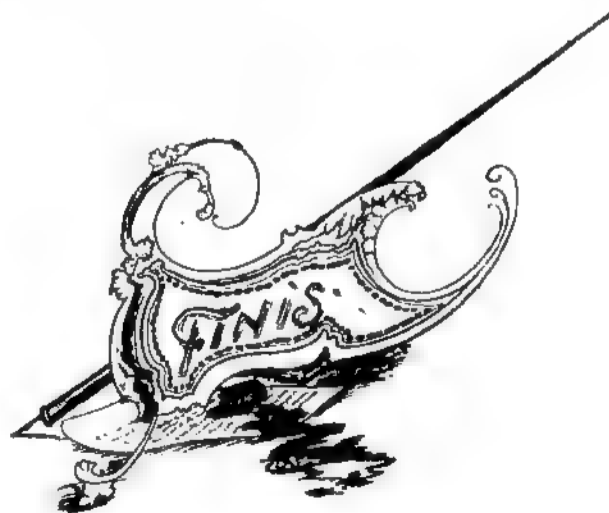
In the midst of that deep, true happiness, however, memory had its place—memory which made

Clement's face at times very grave and sad. It is ever thus. Even in our brightest hours there must be a touch of sadness—since all who live must leave behind a memory-haunted past, fraught with much that is perplexing and full of pain, if only to remind us that we have no continuing city here.

It is ten years since Evelyn became William Ayre's wife—ten happy years—which have revealed to her what life can hold for those who are one in heart and purpose, and who walk together in love.

The Squire's health is not now such as causes any anxiety. He has a fair share of strength and energy—enough to make life and activity pleasant, more than enough to fill his own and other hearts with fervent gratitude.

There is no child in Studleigh, and it is Clement's son, a boy who has all his father's strength of limb and will, who is regarded as the future Squire. But while the boy is a favorite with all, it is still the prayer of many, many hearts that it may be long before he enters on his inheritance, because Studleigh is blessed unspeakably by the wise, beneficent, and loving rule of William Ayre and Evelyn, his wife.



La Grippe in 1803.

The other day we saw an extract from the life of Thomas Campbell, describing his sufferings from influenza when it was an epidemic in England in 1803. Another and a greater poet did not escape. During the greater part of April and May in that year Coleridge was bedridden at Greta hall. "It was the influenza which showed itself" (he writes in a letter which I do not think has been printed), "in the form of rheumatic fever, crippling my loins, but distinguished from it by immediate prostration of strength, confusion of intellect on any attempt to exert it, a tearing cough with constant expectoration, and clammy honey-dew sweats on awakening from my short sleep." Coleridge goes on to say that at one time every soul in his house was confined to bed, and waited on by strangers, and adds: "Many have died of the complaint in and about Keswick, and no one has been quite as well since as before."—*London Academy*.

Carrier Pigeons in the Navy.

A despatch from Halifax, N.S., July 27, says: In a conversation to-day with an officer of the British warship "Bellerophon," a reporter was informed that it was probable that at an early day carrier pigeons would be placed on war ships on this station with a view to ascertaining their usefulness in conveying messages from ships at sea to the shore. An experiment was made at Portsmouth some time ago, and was attended with good results. The pigeons for service on ships will be trained at a homing station to be established at Estny Barracks near Portsmouth.

A PROMINENT PERSONAGE.—Jawkins: Who is that man yonder who goes along with his nose in the air?

Hogg—"So! He's a mighty important personage. His picture and biography are in all the papers."

Jawkins—What has he done?

Hogg—He's the man who was cured of catarrh.—*Judge*.

= LATOUR. =

A BALLAD OF THE ST. JOHN. A.D. 1643.

BY JAMES HANNAY.

Of all the gallant Frenchmen whose names and deeds endure
In old Acadian annals, the greatest was Latour.
Son of a Huguenot father, husband of Huguenot bride.
He clung still to the ancient faith in which his grandsires died.
While yet a simple school-boy unto this land he came;
Little he thought what stirring tales would gather round his name;
That here before his life was spent 'twould be his lot to know
Misfortunes great and triumphs grand—success, care, joy and woe.
Five years he dwelt with Biencourt among the Micmac braves,
Whose wigwams were on Restigouche and hard by Fundy's waves.
None followed up more keenly the Mohawk foeman's trail;
The grim old warriors loved him, altho' his face was pale.
He built a potent fortress beside that harbour deep,
Thro' which the broad and strong St. John flows with a mighty sweep.



"He built a potent fortress beside that harbour deep,
Thro' which the broad and strong St. John flows with a mighty sweep."

Down from the fall's great rapid the river rushes free;
It doubles round a point of land and turns towards the sea.
A bow-shot off, an island divides the racing tides,
Whose current for a thousand years has frayed its rocky sides;
But bold would be the swimmer, and strong his arm and sure,
To venture o'er the narrow strait and cross to Fort Latour.
The Danube's tide is sluggish, slow is the Severn's stream,
Compared to this swift current; it passes like a dream.
Yet still the ancient rampart a rugged front uprears,
'Tho' this strong tide hath sapped its base more than two hundred years.
Strong were its earthen bastions, its palisades were tall,
Heavy and great the cannon that frowned above the wall;
And bold and true its soldiers, all men of fair Rochelle—
Stout Huguenots who knew no fear, but loved Latour full well.
But none within that fortress, tho' tried in many a fray—
Sons of the gallant men who fought on Ivry's bloody day—
Possessed more dauntless courage to dare or to endure,
So kind and yet so brave a heart, as the wife of Lord Latour.
Her father was a noble—last of an ancient line,
Which civil strife had stricken as the lightning blasts the pine.
Her grandsire fell at Ivry, charging by Henry's side,
When the last onset broke their ranks and quelled the Leaguer's pride.

Cruel and fierce was D'Aulnay; he held Latour in hate;
His fort was at Port Royal, and there he dwelt in state.
High o'er that ancient river its gloomy bastions rose,
Scowling defiance upon all who dared to be his foes.
And many an armed retainer obeyed his mandates there—
When'er he raised his banner, five hundred swords were bare;
And musketeers and pikemen, all soldiers tried and bold,
Gascons and hardy Bretons, were gathered in his hold.



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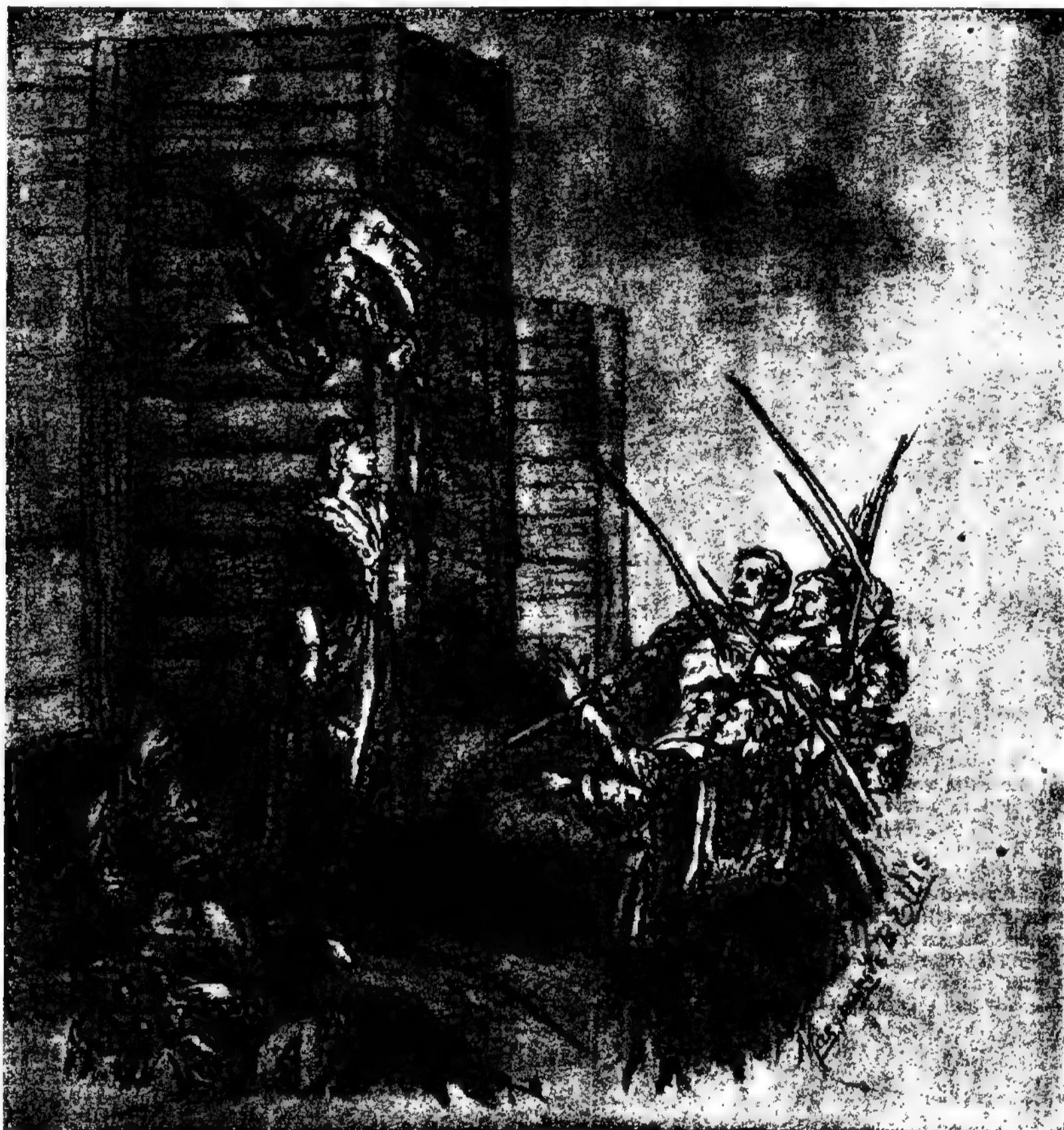
He sent Latour a letter, signed by the king's own hand,
And thus it read: "Give up thy fort! such is the king's command.
For thou art charged with treason; now prove the charge untrue
By yielding it to D'Aulnay, and to us homage do."
Then made Latour this answer: "I built these earthen walls:
I will not basely yield them, altho' King Louis calls.
In this rude land a soldier holds, by his own sword alone,
A ten-fold stronger tenure than homage to the throne."
Forthwith he sent a message for aid to fair Rochelle,
Where dwelt his Huguenot brothers; their friendship served him well.
They sent the *Clement* laden with stores and armed men;
But warlike clouds had gathered o'er fort Latour ere then.
For from the heights the sentry, one pleasant morn in May,
Beheld six gallant vessels sweeping across the Bay.
Their tall white sails careening beneath the western breeze,
Their bows embraced by foam wreaths, they leaped across the seas;
And from each lofty mainmast the sentry could descry
The flag of haughty D'Aulnay flouting against the sky—
That flag long viewed with terror on many a dismal day
By the fishermen of Casco and the men of Boston Bay.
Then from the northern bastion the bugler blew a blast;
Over the wide-spread forest the note of warning passed:
And homeward fast the stragglers by tens came hastening in,
Wondering and much surmising the cause of such a din.
Now in the fort were gathered two hundred men and more,
And on the bastions mounted were cannon twenty-four.
No lack was there of daring within the fortress' walls,
But little stores of powder or shells or musket balls.
Latour stepped lightly forward, his sword girt on his thigh:
Quoth he, "The wolf is coming; to falter is to die.
Th'n raise aloft my banner, unfurl it in his sight,
Man all the seaward cannon, and arm ye for the fight."
Forth came his gentle lady, the banner in her hand:
"Be mine the task to raise it before this gallant band:
And may that hand be withered, be it of friend or foe,
Even be that hand of weakness mine, that dares to lay it low!"
Then, as its broad folds gaily above them floated free,
The soldiers raised a mighty cheer that swept across the sea.
The dark-brow'd D'Aulnay heard it as he paced his deck in pride,
And cursed the sound, and cursed Latour, and cursed the adverse tide.

They passed by Partridge Island—by rocks and shoals of dread,
And up the silent harbour the gallant squadron sped;
Bold D'Aulnay, in his flagship, led the flotilla on:
Never before had such a fleet parted the broad St. John.
Upon the eastern bastion Latour had ta'en his stand:
Beside him was a cannon—the match was in his hand.
One touch, and forth in vengeance the bolt of battle fled,
And traced on D'Aulnay's flagship a line of mangled dead.
At once from ship and fortress began the combat then,
With cannon's roar and hiss of shot, and groans of wounded men;
Nor ceased the din of battle until an hour had passed,
And D'Aulnay's stoutest vessel lay shattered, hull and mast.
Then five tall ships stood seaward, with press of canvas on;
But one as staunch was sinking beneath the broad St. John.

Close under Partridge Island the fleet of D'Aulnay lay,
Guarding, like constant sentries, the passage to the bay;
"What tho' one ship hath perished," quoth he unto his men;
"Hunger, which tames the lion will drive him from his den!"
Meanwhile, within the fortress was many an anxious heart—
Each weary day beheld some ray of blessed hope depart;
And day by day the sentries gazed seaward from the height,
To see if that long hoped for ship had chanced to heave in sight.
At last, one pleasant evening a scout the tidings bore
That a tall ship was standing along the western shore.
Quickly the welcome message was borne to every ear;
But Lord Latour came forth in haste and hushed the rising cheer;

Then from that line of bearded lips the answer came—"We will!"
And on their swords they swore it—to bear allegiance pure,
And fight for the fair lady and fortress of Latour.

Four weeks of weary watching—four anxious weeks—went by,
And still the flag of D'Aulnay flew in the southern sky;
And oft Latour's fair lady gazed o'er the distant foam,
Which whiten'd 'neath the rising gale, to see her lord come home.
At length, one joyous morning, just at the dawn of light,
The sentry from the hill-top beheld a cheering sight;
For, coming from the westward before the steady gale,
He saw five gallant war-ships beneath a press of sail;



"Forth came his gentle lady, the banner in her hand:
'Be mine the task to raise it before this gallant band;
And may that hand be withered, be it of friend or foe,
Even be that hand of weakness mine, that dares to lay it low.'"

"Silence, my gallant soldiers! your joy would but betray
Into the hands of D'Aulnay the aid that comes to day.
One ship would aid us little against the potent foe;
But with the help of fortune I'll lay the tyrant low.
To-night I'll board the *Clement* and sail for Boston Bay,
Where I have friends who gladly will aid me if they may.
When you behold my banner far in the west appear,
Prepare yourselves for battle, and know that help is near,
With you I leave my lady to bear the chief command;
Worthy is such a noble heart to lead so brave a band:
And should the foe assail you, fight on and never yield;
For D'Aulnay gives no mercy—his heart is sear'd and steel'd.
Bold hearts, so true and constant, be firm and faithful still."

And as they fast came nearer his eager eyes could see
Four bore the flag of England—that land so great and free!
And one—oh! sight of triumph, despair and fear to cure—
Bore on her lofty mainmast the banner of Latour!
Bold D'Aulnay from his flagship, with many a curse and frown—
For well he knew their mission—beheld his foes bear down.
Quickly he gave his mandates, with hate and anger pale;
Quickly they cut their cables, and quickly hoisted sail;
And homeward was the watchword, as the puissant blast
Careened each lofty war-ship and bent each lofty mast;
And o'er the seething waters, with all their canvas spread,
Homeward towards Port Royal the fleet of D'Aulnay fled;
But swift and hard behind him the ships of England came,



"Nor ceased the din of battle until an hour had passed,
And D'Aulnay's stoutest vessel lay shattered, hull and mast.
Then five tall ships stood seaward, with press of canvas on;
But one as staunch was sinking beneath the broad St. John."

And fast Latour press'd forward with wrath no fears could tame:
And the deep sound of cannon was heard upon the bay,
As o'er it the avenger held his pursuing way.

Back he returns in triumph with all his soldiers bold:
D'Aulnay the proud is conquered and driven to his hold;
His ships are sunk or shattered—his stoutest soldiers slain;
For the strong ships of England have met him on the main;
And the long beleaguer'd fortress is deck'd with banners gay,
For Latour has marked his victory with a festival to-day:
And deep were the potations in the grape's red juice and pure,
To the fair and noble lady and the triumph of Latour.



Rondeau of Materialism.

In this new day Love is discreet
And never turns his wayward feet
To reach the heart of man or maid,
Unless within his hand is laid
The gold that buys him welcome sweet.

His transformation is complete,
The billet doux is a balance sheet
That practically may persuade,
In this new day.

For Cupid's archery's effete,
No longer shoots he far and fleet,
And auditing is now his trade,
Than sentiment which once hearts swayed
Large balances more strong entreat
In this new day.

ORION.



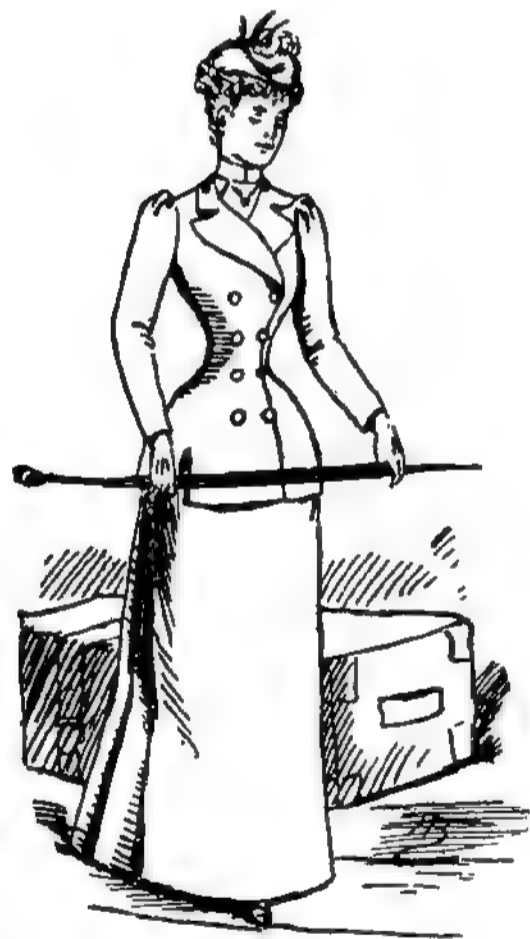
"And oft Latour's fair lady gazed o'er the distant foam
Which whitened 'neath the rising gale, to see her lord come home."



A Useful Travelling Dress.—The Newest Fashion in Belts.—Jam Making.—How to Keep Preserves.



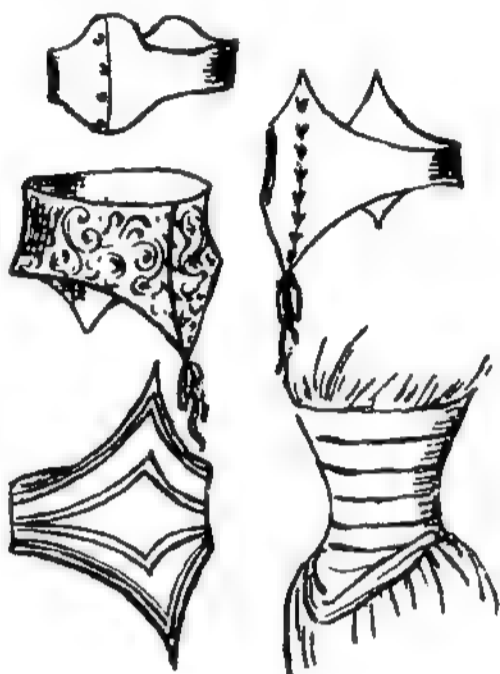
A USEFUL travelling dress is a very important thing in a summer's outfit whether the journey is by land or sea, or both. The material must depend on the climate of the place you are going to, and may range from the thickest naval serge or cloth, down to the lightest and thinnest of tweeds. Serge is an especially useful material, because you



can get it in so many varieties of thickness, and a costume of dark navy blue always looks nice. Such an one, or one in grey tweed, should certainly form a special item in your wardrobe, and for travelling I should recommend it being made as follows. You see the accompanying sketch has a perfectly plain skirt. This you will find by far the most useful, and with it I recommend also a silk blouse or skirt prettily made, and worn with one of the Swiss belts I mentioned last week and varieties of which I will give you to-day. Shirts of washing silk, such as white spotted foulards, pongees, or surahs look and keep much longer clean than cambric ones, though I never think they have the fresh appearance of the others when new. Therefore it must greatly depend on the journey you take and the places you are going to, whether you can get things easily washed, in which case you can have a relay of cotton blouses, and look all the

fresher for wearing them. If your wanderings take you where such accommodation is hard to obtain, I advise the first mentioned silk skirts of decided colours, not very dark. You will notice the jacket bodice. This is made to fit very accurately so that when closed it looks like an ordinary light fitting jacket, and yet when open it is not too loose.

The newest fashion in belts is to have them made of velvet, though the most useful decidedly is when they are of the same stuff as the dress, and the skirt set on to them instead of the usual straight band. Thus there is no fear of an unsightly gap being seen between the skirt band and that of the belt, which so often occurs. I give you various new



shapes so as to suit the tastes of any and every one. The first is quite the plainest, and can be made to button or to fasten at the side with a small buckle. The second can be fashioned out of brocade or velvet, braided with black braid or an ornamental design, or if desired still more rich looking it can be worked with gold and coloured silks, and laced down the front. The third is a good pattern for one that is made of the stuff of the dress, as it is quite simple and very neat and plain. Another nearly as neat a design is seen in the fourth, which has deeper points and may be adorned with wider braid. The fifth and last is useful for evening as well as day bodices, and follows more of the corselet form. This is also composed of the stuff of the dress set on in hands cut on the cross, on a well made foundation. Of course the entire success of this last depends on the care with which the foundation bodice is fitted. These are the very newest styles of belts now being worn at the French seaside places, and the jacket form of costume such as I have mentioned above is what is preferred for travelling more than anything else; only when the dress is of foulard, or any other washing silk, the revers of the jacket, and cuffs, as well as the hem of the front of the dress, are trimmed with guipure. A very favourite way of decorating the belts is to have three "plaques" of any rich old Renaissance, or Byzantine work in old silver, gold, or enamel, and to place these on the front of the belt, the largest being at the lowest point. Of course such ornaments look best placed on a velvet belt, and the most fashionable are made of velvet in any dark colours. Sometimes to those blouses or shirt bodices that are made of white silk, cuffs, or whole sleeves are added of the same velvet as the belt, in such colours as green, pansy purple, moss green, or ruby red. This makes a pretty contrast to the uniform whiteness of the silk shirt. I must not, however, spend all my time talking of these pretty vanities, but turn to the more homely and useful topic of jam making, which I began last week. There are two ways of cooking fruit for ordinary use; preserving it whole in syrup, or boiling it down to a mash—very literally to jam—as many people do. For the first, stone fruits are the most suitable because their substance is firmer, and will stand the repeated boiling that is necessary, and which would utterly reduce to pulp the softer and more seedy fruits. Seedy fruits are also preserved whole in syrup, but it is rather too lengthy an operation for a very busy housekeeper. I have seen red and white currants—of all berries the most delicate—so beautifully preserved as to look as if they had just been gathered fresh from the tree and laid in water-clear syrup. They were left on their stalks in their natural bunches, which made them more attractive; but this was in Russia, where the ladies pride themselves on the beauty of their preserves. For seedy fruits I think it is by far the best way to make a syrup beforehand with the

juice of a few berries—not water. Then the bulk of the fruit can be put in gently, and does not get mashed up to the degree it does when stirred up anyhow amongst the rough unmelted lumps of sugar, against which it is broken to pieces. Jam that shows the fruit, strawberries, raspberries or mulberries, whole, in it, is far more inviting than when turned out in one shapeless pulpy mash. In my opinion the perfection of raspberry preserve is to deprive it of all its seeds and let it thicken into a lovely firm jelly, or, as some people call it, cheese. The seeds are not necessarily wasted by this process, as they can be used for making raspberry vinegar or syrup. The juice of red or white currants is a valuable addition to the syrup of some preserves, instead of using water. Red cherries are immensely improved by it, when preserved whole; and so are raspberries. Currant seeds are not pleasant eating, so I think they are best removed in any case, and the fruit part kept. There is much to be said in the matter of syrup making; great care and exactitude are required as much as anything, and the proportions of sugar and water must be strictly adhered to. Undoubtedly different degrees of stiffness in the thickness of syrups are required, but for most ordinary purposes a syrup consisting of two parts sugar to one of water, thoroughly boiled and skimmed, is useful. When a thicker one is wanted it may be made by merely dipping each piece of lump sugar into boiling water, and dropping them into the preserving pan. The water the sugar thus carries with it is quite sufficient. In preserving fruit whole, great care must be taken in putting each into, and dipping, or lifting it out of the pan so as not to break it. Three boilings, and even occasionally a fourth, are necessary once a day for three or four successive days, and then the fruit may be carefully taken out with a wooden or silver spoon, and laid away till the following day, then boil up the syrup, carefully skimming it, and when cold pour it over the fruit in the bottles in which it should be kept. Some people—and amongst them some very clever jam makers—never skim their preserve at all, and declare that it is not necessary; and perhaps it is not when the sugar has been previously boiled and well skimmed. But under the usual plan it is quite certain that there are always some impurities, however small, and these are always sure to rise to the surface, and if not removed with the rest of the scum to boil back into the jam. I, therefore, have never found my jam the worse for skimming, and it was probably the purer for its being done.

How to keep preserves is also a rather vexed question, but most people agree that the air cannot be too carefully excluded. Personally, I do not like the idea of pouring melted mutton suet on the top of it, a custom that obtains very often with country people for lack of a better. Nor do papers steeped in brandy always prevent mould or fermentation. Papers brushed over with pure, fresh salad oil, and laid flat on the surface of the preserve with another similarly anointed with white of egg fastened down closely outside, I have found the safest method of covering pots, cups or jars. Of course, preserve must be kept in a thoroughly dry cupboard, but not too warm, for fear of fermentation.

The Lady Shot.

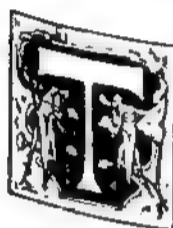
The *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer thus describes Miss Winnifred Leale, the lady shot of the Bisley match: "It was at the 'Ladies' Club' that I met the young rifle-woman yesterday shortly after noon (writes a lady representative.) Her father, Surgeon-Major Leale, of the Channel Islands militia, was with her. They had just come back from a stroll round the camp, the military gentleman with the quiet, good-natured face, and his bright young daughter, whose face is as brown as a berry with healthy out-door exercise and whose eyes dance with fun and with amusement at the role of a heroine of the hour which has been thrust upon her. She is dressed as simply as it behoves a 'campaigner' to dress while on active service; a fawn-coloured home-spun skirt, a white flannel blouse, fastened at the throat with a dainty gold brooch, and at the waist with a gold buckle, a cape of the same colour as the skirt, and a neat little sailor hat complete her costume. Of course she wears her field-glass over her shoulder, and sometimes you see her handle her 'Martini,' but not often, for it would attract attention, and Miss Leale, though she has the courage to take her place among the rifle-shots without any affected humility, does not court public notice. She is just a natural, fresh young girl, keenly interested in the sport and delighted with her success."



IN THE MILITARY GROUNDS, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



The Sagamore



HE reporter had been critically examining the various newspapers published in Canada, and was struck by what seemed to him a very brilliant scheme. Seizing notebook and pencil he rushed forth and rested not till he had reached the wigwam of the sagamore. That worthy citizen was lying at ease smoking.

"My brother," the reporter said, producing notebook and pencil, "I want you to favour me with a few facts about yourself—enough on which to base a brief sketch of your life."

"What for?" demanded the Milicete.

"For publication in the newspapers."

The sagamore shook his head.

"Nobody wants to know anything 'bout my life," he said. "I'm poor old Injun. Nobody cares anything 'bout me."

"Not in Canada, perhaps," admitted the reporter. "But this is not for publication in Canada."

"Where, then?" queried Mr. Paul.

"In the Southern States and Mexico," replied the reporter. "Oh, you needn't grin about it. It's a fact. I'm going to supply the papers down there with photographs and biographical sketches of men in Canada."

"But they'll want men somebody knows," argued the sagamore. "They don't want men nobody ever heard tell of afore."

The reporter produced a bundle of Canadian newspapers and proceeded to call Mr. Paul's attention to them one by one.

"Now, here I find a portrait and sketch of Mr. Bill Buck, of Bucksville, Texas. Mr. Buck was elected hog reeve last fall. Here's one of Mr. Sam Snipe, of Snake-town, I.T. Mr. Snipe stole several horses this spring and got away with them. Here we have Jim James of Jim's Creek, Alabama. Mr. James killed some niggers. This is Sol Slack of Silver Canon, Colorado. He is a member of the town council and ran once for the legislature. Here's another man who licked a prize fighter in a Nevada ring town. This next one was the first man that ever raised whiskers on the Rio Grande. That one has chewed gum incessantly between meals for fourteen years. He was born in Maine. Here we have the new sheriff of Chihuahio County, Mexico. He weighs 184 pounds and has a pile under his left ear. You see, my brother, what an interesting and delightful variety we have here. Now, so far as I can learn, the people of all these places are not able to enjoy the pleasure of reading about Canadian hog reeves and counts and bartenders and other celebrities, yourself included."

"Not in that gang," put in the sagamore.

"Well, anyhow, there ought to be reciprocity in this thing. We want better trade relations with Mexico and the United States in this matter. You know what delight and what valuable instruction the people of Canada get from reading these sketches, such as I have just shown

you. It broadens our outlook to know, for instance, that Sheriff Chump of Chumpton, Georgia, shot a man one time. And when we see the sheriff's photograph the impression is more lasting and beneficial. And when we are told all about his boyhood and things, why—it is almost a liberal education. Let us reciprocate. I propose to supply the papers of the South with just such excellent matter. That is why I come to you. If you will give me your photograph and facts for a biographical sketch and, say, twenty dollars in currency, I will engage to have your life and looks set forth in every little village weekly in the Southern States and Mexico. What do you say?"

"Won't do it," promptly rejoined the sagamore.

"But, my dear sir, it is a duty and a privilege. Think of the educative influence of the distribution of your photograph and the record of your life. The people of Texas and Mississippi and Indian Territory are actually hankering after it, just as our people long for more Mexican and Texan biographies in the pages of Canadian papers. And it will only cost you twenty dollars."

"Young man," said the sagamore, "if you think you kin work that racket on them Yankee papers you're gonto git fooled. When they want to tell 'bout any man's life they tell 'bout their own men. They don't go huntin' round to fill up their pages with pictures of big headed nobodies from other countries. They got more sense. They stick up for their own country, and if they praise up any man and put his picture in you find he's one of their own people."

"And don't you think my scheme will work?" demanded the reporter.

"No," declared Mr. Paul,—"it won't. But if you go round and scalp every editor in this country that fills up his paper with Yankee trash instead of sayin' good word for his neighbours and smart men in Canada, then you be doin' good work."

"And you won't give me your photo?" asked the reporter.

"I won't," said the sagamore.

"Very well," said the reporter. "You're an old fool anyhow. I'll go over to Tom Sauk. He'll give me his, I know. I'll see this thing through—or bust."



Tom Sauk

He went forthwith to Mr. Sauk and unfolded his scheme. Mr. Sauk listened, and when the reporter had concluded closed the contract at once, on condition that he might write the sketch himself, and that it should appear in all the papers specified by the reporter. Mr. Sauk, it may be remarked, was the man who stole an axe from the sagamore; he was generally reputed to be the most oily and villainous redskin within a radius of a thousand miles.

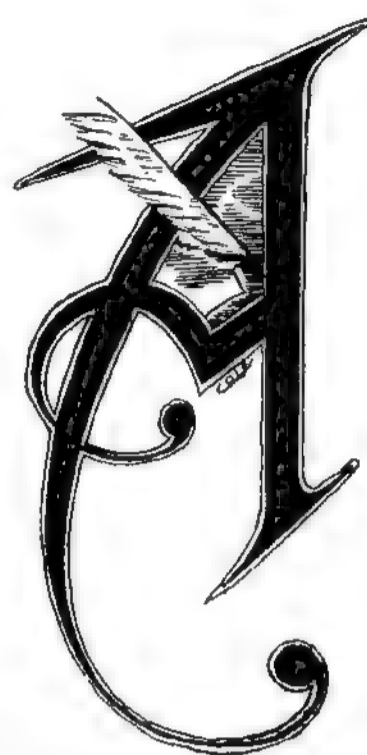
Another W. G. Grace Story.

A well-known bishop tells the following story of the famous cricketer, W. G. Grace: "During a match with one of the Universities, he was the guest of a don, and in the evening was invited to attend Divine service in the chapel. He had been very unfortunate in both innings, having come out for a 'duck' in each. It so happened that the concluding hymn at the service was No. 28 in 'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' and the zest with which the choir sang the line:

'The scanty triumphs Grace hath won,'

did not fail to provoke a smile on the faces of many of the congregation, including the champion himself."

A Summer School of Science.



N organization that combines pleasure with intellectual profit in a most inviting and satisfactory manner is the Summer School of Science of the Maritime Provinces. In 1887 a few teachers met at Wolfville, N.S., and organized what they styled the Nova Scotia Summer School of Science. The object was to improve the methods and stimulate the teaching and study of the natural sciences in that province. The second meeting was held at Pictou, the next year; and in 1889 and again in 1890 at Parrsboro. Each session lasted a fortnight, during the holiday season, and instruction and recreation were combined in the most delightful manner.

At the session of 1889 some New Brunswick teachers found their way to Parrsboro, with the result that the scope of the school was at last year's session made inter-provincial, and this year two New Brunswick teachers were on the staff of instructors. The movement deserves the more credit that it is a purely independent one on the part of teachers themselves, no grant of any kind being received in its aid. This year's session was held at Antigonish, N.S., and came to a close last week. The ample class rooms and appliances of St. Francois Xavier College (see DOMINION ILLUSTRATED for April 18th, 1891—page 375) were placed at the disposal of the visitors, whom the good people of Antigonish welcomed heartily, even entertaining them at a grand picnic in an interesting spot near the village. There were some fifty persons in attendance at this year's session. The lessons in the class rooms alternate with pleasant and profitable excursions amid the natural surroundings of the place of meeting, when practical lessons on botany, geology and mineralogy are a part of the programme. The school has enlarged the field of study very considerably since its formation four years ago. The lessons are given by instructors appointed a year before, so that full preparation is in every case assured. The following list of instructors and subjects for the session just closed will give a clear idea of the scope of the work: Astronomy, by Principal Cameron, of Yarmouth Academy; botany, by Principal Hay, of the Victoria School, St. John, assisted by Miss Nettie Forbes, B.A., of Yarmouth; chemistry, by Prof. MacAdam, of St. Francois Xavier College, Antigonish; geology and mineralogy, by Prof. Coldwell, of Acadia College; histology and microscopy, by Principal A. H. Mackay, of Halifax Academy; physics, by Principal E. Mackay, of New Glasgow; physiology, by Dr. M. L. Anguin, a lady physician of Halifax; zoology, by J. Brittain, instructor in Natural Science in the New Brunswick Normal School; psychology, by Dr. J. B. Hall, of the Nova Scotia Normal School; music, the Tonic Solfa method, by Miss A. F. Ryan, of Halifax; and elocution by Miss Magee, of Annapolis. It is proposed to add English literature, physical training and pedagogics to the curriculum next year. A student is of course at liberty to take up such subjects each year as he or she may desire, and it is not expected that each will take up every subject. The work is systematic throughout. The members have a pleasant outing and at the same time gain much valuable knowledge and encouragement in their mutual labour. The Summer School of Science bids fair to have a popular and successful career. Next year's session will be held in July, at St. John, N.B. Mr. G. U. Hay, Principal of the Victoria School, St. John, is President of the Summer School for 1891.

It was a young naval officer who made the famous reply to Pope. He had ventured to suggest in a discussion of the correct rendering of a certain Greek line that an interrogation point placed after the line might throw light on its meaning. Pope turned sharply on him, and said, in his well-known supercilious manner, "And perhaps you will tell us what an interrogation point is?" "Oh," answered the officer, "I thought every one knew it was a crooked thing that asks questions."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce
And to conciliate, as their names who dare
For that sweet Motherland that gave them birth,
Nobly to do, nobly to die.

Tennyson's *Tiresias*.



THE war of 1812 is an episode of our national history to which Canadians of all years to come may look back with pride. Many attempts have been and will be made to win us to the discord that exists under the name of United States, but I think that the decided repulse of the last forcible attempt, and the determined decision just given against legislative attempts will make the "greatest nation on earth" a little chary of approaching us.

What incidents I can relate of the war do not derive their value from any historical merit, but from their warranted truth, for I got them from participants in or unpleasantly close neighbours to the battle of Chrysler's Farm, and can vouch for their truth at first hand at any rate; although the transmission by word of mouth, with memory only as a record, may make them a little inaccurate as to details.

One of my informants, who is still living, took part in the battle, and the other, an old lady of eighty-five, was, as will be seen by a little mathematical calculation, about six years old at the beginning of the war.

Let me give ladies precedence.

About three miles east of the field of battle there stood at the time of the fight the house of one of the early settlers, Mr. L., who was a lumber merchant, sending every year his rafts, as is done now, down to Quebec, then the great business centre. My informant was his daughter.

The house, unfortunately, has since been burned, but the estate is still in the hands of his descendants, the head of the house still bearing the ancestral name.

The approach of the Americans, going up along the highway to make a juncture at Prescott with troops coming down, had been known, and the arrival of the troops was daily expected. Mr. L. being an old man and an invalid was not enrolled, as were all able-bodied men, in the militia, but was in safe hiding, as he was known to have considerable wealth for those days, and would be welcome prey to the scantily provided American troops.

The lares and penates of any value were safely hidden in a plank-lined pit, dug in a field, which was afterwards ploughed over, and the household, consisting of Mrs. L., the women servants and quite a number of small children, awaited the coming of the Americans, the women with alarm and the children with open-eyed wonder.

All the night before the battle the militia patrol rode up and down the road, and Mrs. L. opened all the blinds and placed a light in each room so that they could see that all was well inside.

You may be assured that household woke early on the eventful day of the fight and watched eagerly down the road for signs of the approaching enemy.

The mounted troops of the militia, of whom my other informant was a member, rode down the road and up again, reporting to the officer in command at Chrysler's Farm, where it had been decided to make a stand.

Finally a young neighbour came up the road at full gallop, shouting, "There they are," and close behind him pressed the advance guard of the invading force.

Halting at the house, General Wilkinson, without more ado, made it his headquarters, and his staff and the men with him made short work of the meal which Mrs. L., from motives of policy and perforce set before them.

Like all good householders, she had a large supply of cider in her cellar, and drew some for the tired and thirsty soldiers, being compelled first to drink of it herself, to prove that it was not poisoned.

Wilkinson stayed at the house all day, Colonel or General Brown conducting the battle, and messengers coming every five minutes to tell of the wavering fortunes of the day.

Then came the ubiquitous small boy into play. Not desiring to go outside where the men were gathered, the two little boys, both now grown old and passed into the unknown, went out and playing round heard what news there was, coming into the house to report.

General Wilkinson was very considerate, more so than usually are the commanders of an invading force, and compelled his men to treat the household with the utmost consideration.

Finally, when the firing became desultory and a messenger rode down the road saying that all was lost, the younger of the boys, with a burst of patriotism all too rare in these degenerate days, shouted in sheer elevation of spirit: "Hurrah for King George and all his generation." One of the soldiers, incensed a little and irritable, as was extremely natural under the circumstances, attempted to cuff him, but the officer commanding put a stop to it, saying: "He's his father's son," a remark that could not but be true.

Then down the road pell-mell, not in retreat, but in flight, came the conquering host. Tired and dusty they came, their faces begrimed with powder, many wounded, all crestfallen, and many anxious to relieve their incensed feelings at the expense of the innocent householders on their line of retreat.

Mrs. L., again politic, filled pails and tubs with water, and gathering all the drinking vessels in the house, stood, assisted by all the inmates of the house, handing water to the thirsty and woebegone wayfarers.

One man, incensed at their defeat, and longing to "take it out" of some one, ran into the house, and seizing a brand from the kitchen fire-place, rushed up the kitchen stairs on incendiarism intent. One of the children, who had followed him, followed the usual course of childhood, and called mother, who came post haste, and catching the man by the skirts of his coat, pulled him back and handed him over crestfallen to the general, who had him placed under arrest.

So the stream of men flowed on, and only when all the stragglers had passed did the women find a chance to rest.

The troops recrossed, defeated and dejected, at Dickinson's Landing, and in their retreat threw away their arms, accoutrements, and all what our ancient enemy, *de bellum Gallicum*, would call impedimenta.

Country boys, wandering on their paternal acres, found muskets hidden under logs; one, to my certain knowledge, found three muskets and an officer's horse, which were appropriated, as were Petroleum V. Nasby's clothes, by and for the government.

My other informant had little to tell me; he saw the first shot fired. He, with some of his fellow troopers, was stationed on the extreme left, and seeing some horse making towards them through the woods, began to speculate as to whether they were friends or foes. An Indian with them had more certain vision than theirs, and pronounced them to be the enemy's horse trying to effect a flank movement. The troopers, however, doubted his word, and to prove his assertion he fired. The promptness of the return fire dispelled all doubts, and the engagement became general.

He then became engaged in the *melee*, and can tell little more save that the Americans were at length forced to retreat.

The old gentleman, though very feeble, is still alive, and had, until they were destroyed by fire, a number of relics of the fight, his own sword, a medal, and some captured weapons, but they are all gone, and all he has to remind one of the battle is a sixteen pound shot.

An historian of Canada will find the district worthy of a visit. There are a few old people who remember much of the 1812, and reminiscences of 1837 are every day occurrences.

The old gentleman drove me past the field wherein were buried all the killed, American and Canadian alike, and pointed out the chimney of the old Chrysler house.

With the example of the Canadians of 1812, who appreciated their glorious heritage as children of the British Empire, before us, and the stimulus of our young country's blood, surely we cannot condescend to become renegades to our Motherland, our throne, our flag and ourselves. Let us rather,

Sons be welded, each and all,
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul,
One hope, one flag, one fleet, one throne,
Britons, hold your own.

OVIDA.

Full of Years and Honours.

Within four days of each other three venerable and familiar figures in New Brunswick life have passed away. On August 5th, Rev. Ingraham E. Bill, D.D., the father of the Baptist ministry in New Brunswick, died at his home in the beautiful village of St. Martins, N.B. He had reached the age of 86 years, and had been in the work of the ministry more than 60 years, though he retired from active labour a few years ago. As a preacher, a writer, and a friend of educational work he had no peer in his own denomination, and was justly loved and honoured.

On August 7th, at St. John, Hon. Charles Watters, Judge of the County Court of St. John, and Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court of New Brunswick, died very suddenly, at the age of 72 years. He had been in his usual health and attending to his duties a day or two before, and the news of his death was a shock to the community. Judge Watters was formerly in the provincial legislature of New Brunswick, a colleague of Sir Leonard Tilley, and a member of the Government. He was the first Roman Catholic to hold a seat in the Government of New Brunswick, and the first of that faith to receive a judgeship in that province. A man of high character and splendid ability, he was held in honour by his fellow citizens of all creeds and classes.

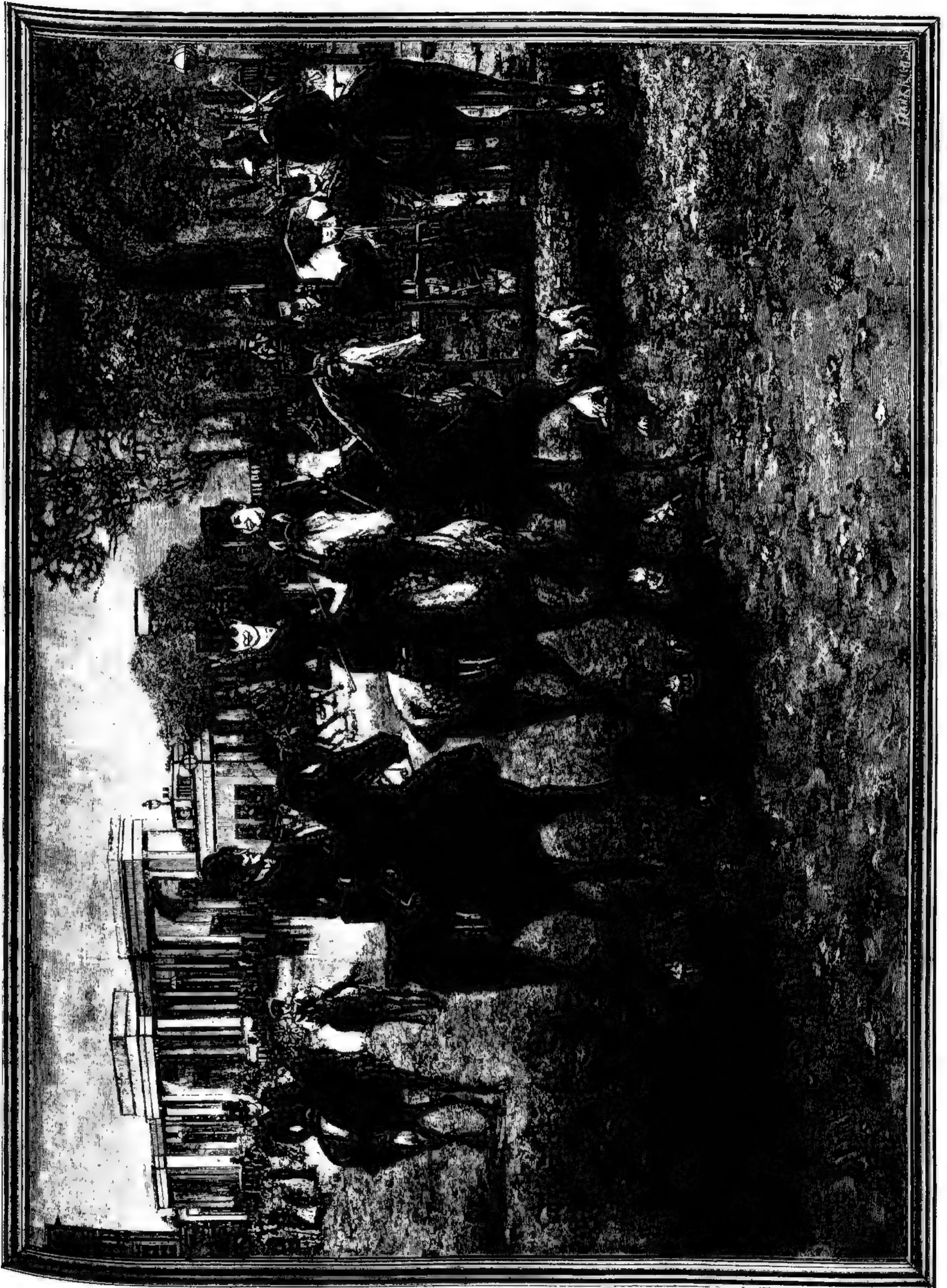
On August 9th occurred the death of Ward Chipman Drury, registrar of deeds and probates in St. John. He was the youngest of the three, being in his 68th year. Mr. Drury was a member of one of the oldest New Brunswick families. He was appointed registrar in 1854, the office having been previously held by his brother. Earlier in life he had been secretary to Chief Justice Chipman, and also to Sir Edmund Head, Her Majesty's representative in the province. He also at one time held the rank of Major in the 8th Cavalry, now the Princess Louise Hussars. Among his surviving children are Major Drury, of "A" Battery, Kingston; Hazen Drury, C.E., now at Calgary; Frances, wife of C. E. L. Porteous, manager of the Bank of Montreal, at Kingston; and Arabella, wife of Captain Curtis, R.N. Another son is an officer in the navy. Mr. Drury's wife, who survives him, was a daughter of Lieut.-Col. Hayne, A.D.C., while he himself was the son of a colonel; so that a strong strain of martial blood runs in the family. Ten children in all survive him.

The Barnardo Home, Manitoba.

This institution is certainly an honour to the province. Very few have any conception of the amount of labour and money expended here for the good of London's unfortunate children. I would like to speak of the commodious and beautiful buildings, the extensive fields of wheat, oats and barley, of the young men who attend instruction; but I will only try and give a faint idea of what the garden looks like. On entering the gate, I was at once reminded of the public gardens in the east, such as one might see in Montreal or in Boston. The Barnardo garden is certainly more fruitful, while it is also a garden within a garden. It contains twenty-five acres, and is divided off into sections by beautiful walks, adorned on either side with limestone and all kinds of flowers. The visitor need not alight from his carriage, for he can drive along certain avenues that command a good view of the whole garden. It is a grand scene. There is the mangle peach melon, water melon, garden melon, tomato, cucumber, citron, jumbo squash, chinrose, radish, lettuce, tobacco plant, sweet sugar cane, rhubarb, red rufus cabbage; different varieties of all these, along with acres of other ordinary garden produce. All this with a fair sprinkling of fruit trees, maple trees, and flowers, tends not only to make this garden fascinating and useful, but it also demonstrates to us what the Manitoba soil and our climate are capable of producing under the supervision of such men as Mr. Struthers, general manager, and Mr. Wilkinson, gardener of the Barnardo Home. — *Winnipeg Free Press*.

CHRISTMAS.

It may seem rather premature to talk about Christmas in this hot weather, but we wish to impress on our readers the fact that we intend issuing early in December, the most superb holiday souvenir that has yet been offered to the Canadian public. In supplements, it will be unusually rich, presenting features that have never been approached by any paper, while in general artistic and literary excellence it will be the event of the season.



IN ROTTEN ROW.



BY J. H. BROWN.

"No, Mr. Weatherley," Mrs. Woodruff replied, gracefully declining into a chair, "we have cause to be sorry too. Poor Olive is not at all well. She was here a few minutes ago complaining of a violent headache. She has gone to her room. She feared she might not be able to accompany us this evening, and even said something about our going without her. But we couldn't do that of course. She may be better in a short time."

"How unfortunate!" said Tom, seating himself also and staring at the floor. He was disappointed. "It is already late," he added. "Must we give it up?"

"O dear no!" Mrs. Woodruff ejaculated with re-assuring fervor. "Olive no doubt will come down immediately. We both counted so on seeing Carlotta. She would be grievously disappointed. We must wait a little. That is—of course—you will want to wait."

"She wished us to go without her?" Tom enquired.

"Yes—no—that is she suggested it, but of course you know—"

"I think it a pity you should be deprived of this pleasure since you consider it such. As Miss Kingston is indisposed, and as you probably cannot do her any good, her suggestion seems to me a reasonable one."

"O do you think so—poor Olive! She will be so disappointed."

"Then perhaps she may be sufficiently recovered to go," urged Tom.

"I must really see. I shall not be a moment, Mr. Weatherley." Mrs. Woodruff hereupon disappeared in search of the defaulting Olive, and Tom proceeded to walk about abstractedly with a somewhat impatient expression on his good-natured face.

It was little more than a moment till Mrs. Woodruff returned. To her surprise she had been unable to find Miss Kingston. Olive was not in her room. Mrs. Woodruff could not imagine where she was. She might have slipped out to meet her father, but this seemed improbable.

"Then we may as well start at once," said Tom, with a movement toward the door. He was perplexed and a trifle angry. Why had Olive done this? Who would have thought she could be so unreasonable.

Mrs. Woodruff wished to wait, to have further search made for Miss Kingston, but Tom deprecated this as a useless waste of time. They were now twenty minutes late. Within five minutes he and the young widow were tripping down the steps together, and he was helping her into the sleigh. Involuntarily he looked around for Olive, but she was nowhere to be seen. Was not that her window where the light glimmered? but of course he would not ask Mrs. Woodruff.

Miss Olive Kingston and Mrs. Sylvia Woodruff were first cousins. Tom Weatherley was a friend of the family. Before Olive Kingston had paid this visit to the Woodruffs, he had been a more or less frequent caller at the house, and silly people had even joined his name in an interesting connection with that of the young widow. He would not deny, now that he was seriously in love with Olive, that he had once rather admired her charming cousin. Still he had never been sure about her. About Miss Kingston he was sure. Mrs. Woodruff was prettier than Olive. There was no denying that. Indeed he thought she had a little of that dangerous beauty which has wrought so much harm wherever it has appeared in his story—that fatal and mysterious charm which was possessed by Helen, by Cleopatra, by Mary Stuart, and, passing from history to modern story, by Eustasia Vye. He admitted that this had fascinated him for a time. And

then she was undoubtedly clever, her cleverness being not the less attractive that he suspected it to be dashed with a daring sort of unconventionality.

When Olive Kingston appeared on the scene, however, everything was at once changed. Tom's visits to the Woodruffs' now became if anything more frequent, but they had another object. The beautiful Sylvia had been his Rosalind; Olive Kingston was his Juliet. Though he said this, he could not but perceive that Olive was as little as possible a Juliet. She was perhaps a trifle less the queen of love, and a trifle more the goddess of wisdom. Yet he was aware that she could love too. Beneath that snow there was fire. I may add that his conscience was perfectly easy about the young widow. There had been no love passages between them. Of course he could not know what she had thought about the matter, but they certainly had never been more than the very best of friends. When her husband died, it should be explained, Mrs. Woodruff had rented the brick cottage among the trees, and come to live at the house of her father-in-law. The old people had suggested this course to her, partly in consideration for her loneliness, and partly because she had been so dear to the son whose memory they still fondly cherished.

The first act of the play was approaching its termination when our friends entered their box. Tom had secured this box for the evening with hopes of a fuller enjoyment than he now expected to reap. As they took their seats a burst of song came from the diva, which rose upon the air and held the audience in a charmed silence. An instant later there was a rapture, a passion of applause. The too tense feelings of the hearers found expression, and for a moment the very walls vibrated.

In the lull that succeeded—a lull fraught with a hushed stir, a murmur of voices, a flourish of handkerchiefs above perspiring brows and a series of relieved coughs, Mrs. Woodruff and Tom took in the scene before them. It was a brilliant night. All the boxes were filled and the pit was crowded. From various quarters lorgnettes were levelled at them and they had soon brought their own into requisition. Simply as a spectacle, apart from their interest in the celebrated singer, the occasion had something delightful and uncommon.

The audience was a satisfied, a happy audience. Ladies and gentlemen exchanged smiles and whispers; and the former fluttered their fans and settled into their chairs with that relaxed dignity which comes of a self-consciousness luxuriously at ease. In the sensuous spell, the effluence of all this warmth and brilliance, Tom almost forgot his disappointment. He scanned the boxes and scrutinized the pit, and, as his gaze came back to his companion, he told himself with pardonable satisfaction that he was enjoying, in a sort of public privacy, the society of the loveliest woman in the room. Then he remembered Olive. But for the moment she was in the remote distance, far from all this light and colour. She was associated with the wintry streets without, with the starlight and the snow.

The drop-scene, with its romantic German style, its inscription to Thalia and its cherubs re-ascended, and the choral drama invoked their attention. A bewitching maiden appeared, looking as if she had stepped from a landscape by Watteau, and, with coquettish steps and gestures, flung a series of trills at a picturesque shepherd, who emerged from behind a tree, and who repaid the trills in a voice of ascending passion that must have rejoiced the maiden's heart. They would certainly have arrived at an understanding, had not a gang of swarthy and ruthless banditti rushed upon

He sincerely wished McArthur would not button-hole him at this particular moment. He was even now late. He had wrestled into his top-coat and hurled himself through the street-door, when who should fasten on him but McArthur—and with the usual tale of poignant distress. McArthur was so deucedly confidential and so pathetically philanthropical, and this time it was such a peculiarly sad case. The young widow of a plasterer, with five children, whose husband had fallen from a scaffold. Though Tom explained and hinted, and edged away and moved off, still McArthur followed him up and held him. It was



no use, he must hear it all. Yet not quite all, for he at last shot away, leaving the good fellow at the climax of his tale, and both wounded and surprised by his hearer's callous haste. How could a man think of the Opera with the suffering poor all round him, and one especially piteous case as it were at his very door!

To make the matter worse there was not a solitary cab in sight. Nothing was left therefore but to walk, and make what haste he could. He feared he was very late, but he would not take time to look at his watch. The snow beneath his feet was as dry as powder, and each step was as uncertain as if made in sand. The lights in the shop windows burned with a frosty glitter. Those at the street corners took on a wintry isolation. Though he mechanically drew up his coat collar and pulled his cap more closely over his ears, he did not heed the cold. This was the second time he had been late in keeping an appointment with Olive, and he feared she might not like it.

As he turned into the Woodruffs' street he had the good fortune to meet a leisurely-jogging cab-sleigh, which he at once hailed, directing the man to drive after him to the house. A bright light in the parlour window and some scattered ones in the upper chambers seemed suggestive of preparation, and he dashed up the steps with an eager apology on his lips, expecting Olive to meet him at the door.

It was not Olive who met him, yet a chance observer, not in love, might have decided that this lady must be equally charming. She stood smiling under the lamp, in a dress of pink-white tulle, a bunch of white roses at her breast, and a welcoming glow in her dark eyes.

"O Mrs. Woodruff," Tom exclaimed, "I am so sorry. Of course I have kept you waiting. But it was not my fault—at least not altogether mine. I was detained. Is Olive—is Miss Kingston here?"

them, and borne off the glorious shepherd (who by the way was a prince in disguise) leaving the astonished maiden to cry out in a melody of tears and lamentations against the bitterness of fate.

She was thus tunelessly bewailing her disaster when Tom's eyes chanced to wander from the stage to the floor of the house. Their only reason for doing so was that Mrs. Woodruff's had suddenly gone in the same direction. A lady and gentleman were seating themselves in the third row of the orchestra chairs. The lady was stooping as Tom's glance fell upon her. When she raised her head he recognized Olive Kingston. He turned to his companion.

"Why, she is here," he whispered.

Mrs. Woodruff fanned herself and smiled sweetly.

His gaze reverted to the pit. He had not met Mr. Kingston, but he knew the gentleman by her side was Olive's father. This gentleman was going West on an official journey, and had stayed over in the city for a day to see his daughter and some friends. This was very well, but why should he be here, or rather why should his daughter be here with him? Why should Olive be unable to accompany her lover to the theatre, and yet afterwards appear escorted thither by her father?

To these questions, which rapidly became insistent, Tom could find no answer. Olive did not now seem ill. She had an unwonted, though perfectly healthy, colour in her cheek. He observed that she did not look at him. Her eyes had that cold light he had already become acquainted with; though they ranged above and around his box they did not rest upon it.

With the going down of the curtain his emotion found restrained expression.

"She seems to have recovered," he remarked to Mrs. Woodruff.

"Yes," said the lady, still fanning herself and nodding brightly to some one in the opposite box, "I hope poor Olive's head is better."

"Isn't it a little surprising that she should have recovered so soon?" said Tom. "Perhaps we should have waited."

"Yes, Mr. Weatherley, I suggested it, you know, but you were so anxious not to be late that you would not delay a moment."

"Was I anxious?" Tom did not think he had been. "I wonder where she was," he added.

"Yes, indeed!"—a gentleman, another occupant of the box opposite, received an enchanting smile—"I wonder where she could have been."

Tom's eyes here wandered again to Olive. She was now looking into their box, but at Mrs. Woodruff rather than at himself. Then without seeing him they passed to another part of the house. Tom felt a trifle chilled. There was a suggestion of the street air in her glance. He saw that something was wrong, but it was no fault of his. He began talking to Mrs. Woodruff.

"How jolly it would be," he said, covering a yawn, "if life were a sort of comic opera; if one could go singing through it, I piping and announcing to you my disappointments, say, and you carolling away to me of your successes—all in a sort of make-believe, done for the fun and fancy of the thing."

"I dare say you could sing without any make-believe of a disappointment to-night," replied Mrs. Woodruff, smiling at him.

"I," said Tom starting, "not at all—no indeed. It has been altogether a success. Have you not enjoyed the singing?"

"O yes, I have enjoyed it well enough, but that is another matter. You might have enjoyed it more if Olive had come with us."

"Nonsense!" said Tom—but he believed that he was blushing. Then he wondered Mrs. Woodruff could say such a thing.

There was a moment's cessation of talk, during which the lady gazed serenely out over the rows of heads.

"How pleasant it would be now," said Tom, recurring to his operative scheme of life, "if I could be a picturesque shepherd and you could be a charming—I may say a radiant shepherdess—but should you like to be a radiant shepherdess?"

"If I were I dare say you would not make such violent love to me as our young friend with the flaxen curls and the azure vest offers to his maiden."

"O I say now," cried Tom, feeling foolish, "why do you say that? How do you know that I shouldn't? I dare say I should."

"O I dare say," Mrs. Woodruff laughed a little. Tom began to suspect a complication somewhere. But luckily

here the curtain rose, and life, for the nonce, was again an agreeable make-believe.

When the play was over it occurred to Tom that they might find Olive and her father and be driven home together. He thought they might thus reach an explanation of the mistake of the evening, for that there had been a blunder somewhere he was convinced. When he had assisted Mrs. Woodruff into the sleigh, he stood for some minutes examining the crowds that streamed from the gaping doors of the opera house. As they did not appear he then got into the sleigh and peered through its square opening for a minute longer, till Mrs. Woodruff complained with a slight shiver of the cold. Deciding that the Kingstons must have already gone, he reluctantly put up the window, and they were driven off at a brisk pace.

They had gone but a short distance when Mrs. Woodruff, who had been staring into the snowy street, turned to Tom and murmured gently, almost inaudibly:

"You must forget what I said to-night, Mr. Weatherley. I spoke thoughtlessly. Indeed I did not mean anything. I was only jesting."

"Which—of course Mrs. Woodruff—but what was it you said?"

"O you know well enough." She was staring into the street again.

"Upon my honour, Mrs. Woodruff, it may be unpardonable, but I am unable to recall the particular thing to which you refer."

"O well, since you have forgotten it already, I need not refresh your memory." Her voice was more than gentle now; it had a tender sadness.

"Ah, now you are unkind. I am sure I remember every word that fell from your lips, though I may not have noted this particular remark." Tom was not in the midnight darkness he pretended. A sort of morning twilight had been breaking upon him.

"O you know—that about your enjoying the play more if Olive had been with us."

"Oh!" said Tom.

"And about—about your making love to—to the shepherdess. I thought you were in jest, and so I took it up in the same spirit."

"Why, of course, of course Mrs. Woodruff, it was a joke. I—really—of course I understand you were jesting. Did you think—"

"And I suppose you were hating to have me here all the time, and really wishing it was Olive. And I'm sure I did not want in the least to go—only I hated that you should be disappointed—and how could I tell where Olive was?"

Poor Tom! he had not bargained for this. What could the lady mean?

"Why, Mrs. Woodruff, you are mistaken. I am not at all disappointed. In fact I have been very much delighted. And I should have been disappointed, quite disappointed, if you had not come. And it was very kind of you—why, what a strange idea!" To re-assure the sensitive lady he drew near her and bent forward, but she refused to look at him.

"And I dare say," she went on, in a tone of sweet, though sorrowful, resignation, "that Olive will be very angry with you, and then you will be angry with me—that is if you care so much for Olive, and I dare say you do."

"I care for Miss Kingston very much," said Tom, with a warmth that was inexcusable. "But why should she be angry with me, and why should I be angry with you? We were not to blame; and she was enabled to go after all."

Tom had not uttered these words when the young widow sat bolt upright, and he involuntarily became also erect. Her pensive languor was gone. She looked straight at the velvet darkness before her.

"O, of course it does not matter at all," she said, with frigid politeness. "And besides, as you are leaving town to-morrow, I may not see you again for some time. I intend going away myself in a few days on a long visit to my aunt in New Orleans."

Tom expressed his regret, and an awkward silence succeeded. This was not broken until they reached the house. As they ascended the steps Mrs. Woodruff asked him if he would not come in and say good-bye to the others. She added that she could not see any light. Tom did not know whether to take this for an intimation, for he wished to see Olive. He replied, however, that he guessed he would come round in the morning, before the train started, to make his adieus. When the door had opened and closed on the young widow he ran down the steps and flung himself into his sleigh. As he was borne homewards, to the sound of the jingling bells and the thud of the horse's feet, he told himself

that there really was a complication. Then he thought with a dubious satisfaction that he was not in it, or, if he had been in it, that he had come out of it safely.

II.

He kept his promise to call at the Woodruffs' next morning before leaving town. When at a short distance from the house, he observed an elderly gentleman mounting the steps, in whom he recognized Olive's father. He had not met Mr. Kingston before, as I have said, and the thought of becoming acquainted with this important personage, though pleasant, gave him some little perturbation. To-day he wanted to see Olive alone, to express his deep regret that she had not been with him the night before; to learn whether she had suffered much from head-ache, and whether it was this alone that had kept her from accompanying them. He gave the bell a considerate, an almost respectful pull. The maid who responded knew him, and opened the door very wide, as if she expected him to walk in as usual without question. He wavered on the sill, however, and asked, a trifle nervously, if Miss Kingston were within. He was informed, to his surprise, that Miss Kingston had gone out half an hour before. Would she soon return, he enquired. To this question his informant could give no positive answer. Miss Kingston might be gone an hour and she might be gone half an hour. More than this his scrupulously veracious interlocutor would not say. But would not Mr. Weatherley come in and wait. Tom replied, glancing first at his watch and then into the street, that he had not time. Might he see Mrs. Woodruff for a moment? To his increased astonishment the maiden answered him, this time with the confidence of perfect knowledge, that Miss Kingston and Mrs. Woodruff had gone out together. They must not have expected Mr. Weatherley, she supposed. Tom thanked her and went slowly down the steps. He thought of Mr. Kingston, but he had no wish to see him. He could not postpone his departure, and now he should not see Olive for two weeks. They had not even arranged as to correspondence. He had left that for the last meeting.

He thought he might run across the young ladies in the street, but this hope also was doomed to disappointment. He even stared into some shops on his way, till at last, on appealing again to his chronometer, he discovered that he had not a moment to spare. He made haste to reach the station, and arrived in time to hurry into his train, which was already moving.

As he was carried out of the city, over the rattling, swaying bridge and across the whitened fields, he mentally declared himself to be the sport of some malignant fate. He should not write to Olive; he would wait till he could see her. Meanwhile he must endure this short separation as best he could.

He endured it with sufficient fortitude, and on the day of his return to town lost no time in presenting himself at the Woodruffs'. It was a bright January afternoon. The sun was shining with an April forecast; the snow was melting from the eaves, and the pendant icicles were diminishing in liquid drops. He rang the bell, this time with decision, and turned for a look at the blue, benignant sky. The door opened, his friend, the maid-servant, regarded him pleasantly, and he walked lightly in.

"Miss Kingston?" he enquired, but before the girl could answer he heard a stir in the drawing-room and glanced in. He was in time to see a well-known figure passing rapidly toward a door in the rear.

"Olive!" he called, half in delight, half in consternation.

The young lady turned and came towards him. He had extended his hand, but, as she did not smile and made no movement of acceptance, it dropped to his side.

"What is the matter, Olive?" he demanded.

"I am not aware that there is anything the matter, Mr. Weatherley."

"Why, what is the matter?" he repeated. "What have I done?"

"It is not for me to say what you have or have not done, Mr. Weatherley."

"Olive—Miss Kingston. Surely I do not deserve this. At least you owe me an explanation."

"I owe you no explanation, Mr. Weatherley. You need no explanation."

"But, my dearest, I assure you I do! I am altogether in the dark. Will you not tell me what it is?" In his amazement Tom dropped into a chair, but, as Miss Kingston remained standing, he was obliged to get up again.

"You must not speak so to me, Mr. Weatherley, and I have nothing to tell you."

"Good heavens, Olive! what can it be? I will call you Olive, and you are my dearest. Come tell me," he urged approaching her, while she retired, "Is it about that night—the night of the opera?"

Miss Kingston stood now in the deep embrasure of the back low window, and Tom stood excitedly before her.

"You know," he went on, "that I came for you, and that you had a headache and had disappeared mysteriously, and that we were obliged to go without you. And then you came and sat there like a beautiful stone image, and stared round me and over me, but never once looked at me. And when I came in the morning to say good-bye and ask you to write me you were out—out with Mrs. Woodruff" (as if this were an added bitterness) "and I could not see you."

"I think you should leave me now, Mr. Weatherley. I will write to you."

"You will write to me, Olive. What nonsense! See here"—with a start of inspiration—"has Mrs. Woodruff said anything about me?"

"Mrs. Woodruff has said nothing."

"Are you sure—quite sure?"

Olive had coloured slightly. This seemed a clue.

"We need not discuss Mrs. Woodruff, Mr. Weatherley." Miss Kingston shrank further within the embrasure.

"We need not discuss her," said Tom, clinging to his divination, "but if she has discussed me I want to know it. Now listen, Miss Kingston. If Mrs. Woodruff has said a word that could prejudice me in your eyes—if she has said a word that could lead you to imagine that I regard you as anything less than the most perfect woman on earth, then she has simply belied me."

Miss Kingston raised her eyes and looked into Tom's candid, flushed face.

"This is hardly generous to the woman you wished to marry, Mr. Weatherley."

"To the woman I wished to marry," echoed Tom blankly.

"Yes, to the woman you proposed to. Mr. Weatherley, you know you asked my cousin to marry you that night."

Tom's face was a study. Blank wonder, profound disgust and then triumphant satisfaction chased each other across it in swift succession.

"She told you that?"

"Yes, Mr. Weatherley, why should she not tell me?"

"And you believed her?"

Yes I did. Do you deny it?

"From beginning to end—totally and entirely—it is a slanderous falsehood."

"O Tom!"

"Is Mrs. Woodruff here? Confront me with her. Ask her to come down!"

"She has gone away." Miss Kingston here turned her back on Tom, put her arms on the window-frame, and allowed her forehead to rest on her hands. With a step Tom was beside her.

"Olive, how could you believe it?"

"But why should she have said it, Tom? Of course I am very glad that it is not true, but why should she tell such a story?"

"Heaven only knows. I can't imagine."

"Do you think she cared for you, Tom?"

"How can I tell. She certainly had no reason to." Tom's conscience was a trifle restive, but after all this was the simple truth.

"Then why did you go away with her that night and leave me behind?" asked Olive, turning her head and regarding him, but her eyes were kinder now.

"Go away with her. Do you mean to the opera?"

"Yes; I was very unhappy over it."

"Why, you had a headache; you suggested that we should go without you, and besides you could not be found. Mrs. Woodruff searched for you."

It was now Olive's turn to be surprised. "I know I had a headache," she said, "and had gone to my room to lie down for a few minutes. I saw you go. Hearing sleigh-bells, I got up and looked out of the window. You and Sylvia were just getting into the sleigh, and you immediately drove off. I could not understand it. I wanted to go with you very much."

Tom stared at her.

"And then father came in, and I asked him to take me, and like the dear old thing he is, he did not ask for a word of explanation. But I did not enjoy it a bit. You and Sylvia were laughing and you seemed so happy. And then when she told—as if she didn't want to tell it, what you had

said coming home, I believed her, especially as you didn't come in afterwards."

"And you didn't suggest that we should go without you?" Tom ejaculated.

"No. Did Sylvia say that?"

Then he told her all that had occurred; how he had glanced up at her window before driving away; and how miserable he had been at seeing her at the theatre, seemingly so indifferent to him, and thinking ill of him, for he knew that she was thinking ill of him, and of the unexpected things that Mrs. Woodruff had said. Olive heard him silently to the end. They were very near each other now. In fact her head rested on his shoulder, and his arm encircled her waist. She gazed pensively into the garden, where the stripped lilacs and laburnums stood naked in the deep snow. A bunch of sturdy English sparrows were twittering and quarrelling in the pathway.

"Poor Sylvia," she murmured, "I am sorry for her."

"You are sorry for her!" Tom exclaimed. "Why she wanted to separate us, and I must say she almost succeeded."

"Still I am sorry for her," Olive repeated, with the same sweet, abstracted air. And Tom was fain to postpone the solution of this enigma till a future occasion—an occasion when he would bring it out with certain other perplexing questions which Olive alone could answer.

On the day following Olive left the Woodruffs to return home. She had already outstayed her visit's limit.

Less than a month after, circumstances led Tom in the same direction. Besides, he naturally desired to become acquainted with Olive's father.

THE FATE OF THE AFRICAN WOMAN.

Terrible as are the horrors of the slave caravan, the brutal capture, the pitiless march across the desert, and the final destiny of these wretched negroes, it is scarcely less awful to read of the normal and generally accepted position of woman throughout that vast continent.* I quote from a letter addressed by Cardinal Lavigerie to the members of an association of ladies founded in France for the purpose of befriending and converting pagan women, and to whose zealous co-operation the Sisters owe much of their material success. "If you only knew the position of Mussulman women in this country! They hardly count as human beings at all: they are born slaves and from the highest to the lowest every woman is for sale. At an age when they are still too young to understand what is being done to them, without an attempt at any individual choice on their part, they are given over, or as they crudely describe it themselves, they are sold, to the highest bidder. Four pounds is the highest price paid for a wife in Northern Africa, about a third of what is paid for a horse. The new master, a total stranger may-be, and in all probability a brutal, repulsive savage, appears to claim his property. Should the poor child struggle and resist, the father drives her from his door, having no further use for her now that her price is paid; her mother thrusts her away, not daring to protect her for fear of her own skin, and having besides no idea even of the possibility of any other solution, and her cries and screams are silenced only by the blows and kicks with which she is welcomed to her new abode. Nor is she more tenderly treated as a mother than as a maiden. I know houses where mother and child were killed together in order to avoid the difficulties arising from the presence of an inconvenient heir; in others, for no apparent reason whatever, they are brutally tortured, and often beaten to death. 'Quite recently,' writes F. Hauteceur, from one of the further missions in the interior 'a child was born to one of the slave women here. Regularly every day, in defiance of any consideration she might have claimed for her child's sake, the wretched woman was cruelly beaten, so that she would spend the greater part of her time prowling among the bushes round the village for fear of the ill-treatment which she knew awaited her reappearance. One day I heard the baby was dead, and I learnt a little later from the other natives, that the poor little thing's death was entirely caused by the brutality of its own father, who would beat his wife without any regard for the child which she carried on her back, according to the custom of the country!'"

*The article from which we give the above extract is anonymous.

"One day," continues the cardinal, "an Arab came to beg of me. 'My wife died last night,' he said; 'I have no money to buy a grave cloth. Give me twenty francs, God will reward you.' I gave him the money. 'A fortnight later he reappeared at my door and said: 'I want to marry again, and I have found a wife for sale, but she costs forty francs. Will you give me the money for charity's sake?' My suspicions were aroused, and on inquiry being made, I discovered that he had had already three wives, all of whom he had beaten to death. The last one, whose winding sheet I had furnished, was a poor girl of seventeen, whom he kicked to death one evening for no other reason than that she had dawdled over her household work. The neighbours were so accustomed to the shrieks and lamentations of the wretched victim that they paid no attention to her cries for help, and the next morning she was found where she had fallen, having died during the night. In addition to the ill-treatment she receives from her husband, as long as he chooses to recognise her, a woman is liable to divorce at any moment, and for no pretext of any kind, and her condition then becomes one of even exaggerated misery. But in Northern Africa we are, so to speak, only at the gate of the great pagan world with all its infamy. The Tuaregs and the Kabyles, the descendants of the ancient Christian population who were driven out and forced into apostasy at the time of the great Mussulman invasion of Africa in the eighth century, may still be said to retain some faint traces of their former Christianity, and form a comparative oasis in the midst of a desert of sin and misery. But among the blacks, farther into the interior, the horrible tragedy assumes yet darker aspects. 'I killed five of my wives during the night,' remarked a Bukumbi chief in the most casual manner to one of the missionaries. Another negro sent his wife to collect fire-wood. She sank up to her arm-pits in a bog, and her screams attracting his attention, he threw her a stick with which to defend herself against the hyenas, and left her till morning, when no trace of the wretched woman was to be seen. Speke, the well-known English traveller, writes from the court of King Mtesa: 'No day has passed without my witnessing the execution of at least one, and sometimes two or three of the unhappy women who compose the King's harem. A cord wound round their wrists, they are dragged to the slaughter, their eyes streaming with tears, and venting their misery with heartrending cries of *Hai Minangé! Kbakka! hai n'yavio!*—'Oh, my Lord, my King! Oh, my mother, my mother!' not a hand is lifted to save them, although here and there a remark upon the beauty of some young victim passes current in a low voice among the crowd."

Such is the fate of African women at best, and in their own homes. But when capture and exile are added to their already unspeakable sufferings, when they are snatched from their native villages, bound together, weighed down beneath heavy burdens, driven for weeks and months across the desert to an unknown land, there to be sold in abject slavery among strange masters, one's pen literary refuses to describe the horrors of their situation. Young girls and children, too weak to drag themselves along, left by brutal captors to die by the roadside of hunger or to be devoured alive by wild beasts; babies whose brains are dashed out against a stone before the eyes of their mothers, too incapable from starvation and fatigue to carry both the child and their load of ivory—such are the every day incidents of the slave caravan on its way to the coast, such are but a few of the deeds of bloodshed that cry to Heaven for vengeance, and to men and women whose lot is cast in happier places for sympathy and help, and for at least an effort to raise the poor creatures from the depths in which they are sunk.

Medals of the War of 1812.

The collection of war medals of the late John Oliver, of New York, was sold at auction in London on August 1st. High prices were realized for most of the medals. One memorial of the battle of Chrysler's Landing, with a brooch pin and engraved bars for Queenstown, Ft. George and Stony Creek, fetched 245 shillings. One bar for Ft. Detroit brought 10 guineas. This medal is unique. Two bars for Ft. Detroit and Chrysler's brought £54 each, and a similar bar, with a third bar added for Chateaugay, brought £65. A single bar for the Shannon-Chesapeake fight, very rare, only 49 having been issued, brought only £17. Two bars for the Phoebe's capture of the American frigate Essex brought £15 each. A gold medal of Simon Bolivar's war for Venezuelan independence went for £5.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



On August 17 and 18 the interprovincial cricket match will be held, and teams have been picked to represent the provinces. The Eastern eleven will comprise the following:—

W. C. Little (captain), D. O. Warden, E. M. Bristowe, Mr. Turton, G. M. Bouchier, of Ottawa; A. Brownings, W. Leitham, J. Philpotts, Montreal C.C.; E. J. Harrod, J. F. Mackie, McGill; C. J. Crookall, Kingston; spare men, L. Coste, Ottawa C.C.; C. C. Hill, McGill, C. C. The Western team will consist of:—A. H. Collins (captain), F. S. Dickey, P. C. Goldingham, J. H. Senkler, Toronto; W. J. Fleury, Dr. W. Stevenson, Aurora; D. L. McCarthy, A. F. R. Martin, Trinity University; V. W. Terry, E. Hall, London; H. B. McGiverin, Hamilton. Spare men—A. H. Bromley-Davenport, E. C. Senkler, Toronto. For the Eastern Association the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Honorary President—Hon. E. Dewdney, Ottawa.
President—Capt. C. C. Newton, Montreal.
Vice-Presidents, T. Y. Greet, Kingston; Capt. Straubenzie, Kingston; W. A. Allen, Ottawa; Prof. C. E. Moyle, McGill; George F. Macdonald, Alexandria.
Secretary—B. T. A. Bell, Ottawa.
Treasurer—J. F. Mackie, Montreal.
Some of the Toronto papers take exception to Turton's place on the team. This is scarcely justifiable as for a considerable time Turton has been recognized as an amateur.

The twelfth annual championship regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen is a thing of the past, and it can be classed with the successful ones. Kempenfeldt Lake was as good a sheet of water as could have been settled on for the races, but apparently it was out of the way for visitors, if the attendance was any guide. The Toronto contingent was a large and lively one, and when the distance of travel is taken into consideration Montreal was fairly well represented likewise. Luck did not seem to travel with the Montreal colors, however, and the oarsmen are not bringing home a solitary championship. In the Junior fours Lachine had such an easy thing of it in the trial heat that their friends were justified in feeling confident of the final, but alas! they only finished an inglorious fourth. However, faint heart, etc., and all well wishers of aquatics will hope that their defeat will not be a discouraging one. In the first trial heat for the junior fours the Grand Trunk crew rowed a dead heat for second place with the Toronto club, but fortune seemed to have taken a decided dislike to the railroad men and the best they did was finish a good second in the senior fours. The following summary of results will tell the whole story and comparisons can be made with the records since 1883:

First trial heat; junior singles.
Joseph Wright, Toronto R.C. 1
R. F. Turner, Dubuque R.C. 2
Fred. Nye, Toronto R.C. 3
E. A. Thompson, Argonaut R.C. 4
A. Russell, Bayside R.C., did not finish.
Time—10.18.

Second heat; junior singles.
F. H. Thompson, Argonaut R.C. 1
L. B. Stewart, Argonaut R.C. 2
A. Green, Grand Trunk R.C. 3
D. M. Cameron, Leander R.C. 4
John Hurley, Don Amateur R.C. 5
Time—10.57.

Final heat; junior singles.
F. H. Thompson, Argonaut R.C. 1
R. F. Turner, Dubuque R.C. 2
Jos. Wright, Toronto R.C. 3
L. B. Stewart, Argonaut R.C. 4
Time—10.46.

First trial heat; junior fours.
Don Amateur R.C., Toronto—James O'Connor, bow; Alfred Reynolds, No. 2; Thomas Kenny, No. 3; H. Kenny, stroke. 1
Grand Trunk R.C., Montreal—R. C. McLean, bow; W. N. Nixon, No. 2; R. Starke, No. 3; J. A. Stewart, stroke. Dead heat
Toronto R.C., Toronto—W. Payne, bow; D. B. Barnhardt, No. 2; G. L. Ewart, No. 3; D. M. Stewart, stroke. Dead heat
Argonaut B.C. No. 2—Frank Lightbourne, bow; R. O. McCulloch, No. 2; E. C. Senkler, No. 3; A. A. McKay, stroke. 4

Argonaut R.C. No. 1—H. W. Seward, bow; W. A. Smith, No. 2; W. R. Johnson, No. 3; A. J. Boyd, stroke. 5
Time—9 min.

Second trial heat; junior fours.
Lachine R.C., Lachine—F. Fairbanks, bow; C. Routh, No. 2; H. Routh, No. 3; T. Stewart, stroke. 1
Tecumseh R.C., Walkerville—A. Reid, bow; W. Chater, No. 2; T. Webster, No. 3; J. J. Durk, stroke. 2
Bayside R.C., Toronto—J. Bennett, bow; William Spence, No. 2; J. Smyth, No. 3; W. J. Shearan, stroke. 3
Wolverine R.C., Detroit, Mich.—Joe Jennawine, bow; F. Herberts, No. 2; E. Froman, No. 3; W. Dronhagen, stroke. 4
Time—9.15.

Finals; junior fours.
Don Amateur R.C., Toronto. 1
Toronto R.C. 2
Grand Trunk R.C., Montreal. 3
Lachine R.C., Montreal. 4
Tecumseh R.C., Walkerville. 5
Time—9.15.

Senior double sculls.
Catlin R.C., Chicago—L. Case, bow; James Henderson, stroke. 1
Bayside R.C., Toronto—A. Cameron, bow; R. Curran, stroke. 2
Don Amateur R.C., Toronto—M. Shea, bow; S. Scholes, stroke. 3
Manhattan R.C., New York—Joseph Donoghue, bow; James Donoghue, stroke. 4
Time—8.45.

Junior double sculls.
Argonaut R.C., Toronto—G. H. Muntz, bow; R. G. Muntz, stroke. 1
Don Amateur R.C.—Joseph Sullivan, bow; J. Hurley, stroke. 2
Grand Trunk R.C., Montreal—J. A. Stewart, bow; J. Beatty, stroke. 3
Bayside R.C., Toronto—J. Bennett, bow; W. J. Shehan, stroke. 4
Time—9.00.

Paired-oared shells.
Detroit R.C.—F. D. Standish and Frank A. Lyon. 1
Argonaut R.C., Toronto—L. B. Stewart and A. B. Crooks. 2
Detroit R.C.—W. D. Gridley and Geo. L. Peacock. 3
Time—11.48.

Senior single sculls—
Catlin R.C., Chicago—James Henderson. 1
Argonaut R.C., Toronto—A. P. Burritt. 2
Argonaut R.C., Toronto—R. McKay, jr. 3
Don Amateur R.C., Toronto—M. Shea. 4
Sunnyside R.C., Toronto—J. J. Ryan. 5
Argonaut R.C.—F. H. Thompson. 6
Time—10.58.

Senior fours.
Don Amateur, Toronto—Joseph Sullivan, bow; Fred. Liston, No. 2; Charles Ramie, No. 3; J. Hurley, stroke. 1
Grand Trunk R.C., Montreal—B. Davis, bow; B. J. Kelly, No. 2; F. Green, No. 3; A. A. Green, stroke. 2
Wolverine R.C., Detroit—Thos. Walsh, bow; C. L. Vandamme, No. 2; Jas. Magerman, No. 3; Thos. George, stroke. 3
Toronto R.C., Toronto—J. Smyth, bow; I. M. Grandfield, No. 2; R. Durham, No. 3; Jos. Wright, stroke. 4
Time—9.15.

The following records from 1883 to date will be interesting for purposes of comparison:—

Junior single sculls. M. S.
1883—W. O'Connor, Don Amateur R.C. 9 10
1884—S. Scholes, Don Amateur R.C. 10 13½
1885—J. J. Ryan, Bayside B.C. 10 13
1886—A. Grinstead, Toronto B.C. 9 59½
1887—W. D. McKay, Toronto R.C. 10 50½
1888—G. A. Strickland, Don Amateur. 10 51.5
1889—C. Garmally, Toronto B.C. 10 21
1890—A. P. Burritt, Argonaut R.C. —
1891—F. H. Thompson, Argonaut R.C. 10 46

Junior four oared shells. M. S.
1883—Argonaut B.C. 8 14
1884—Leander B.C. 9 4
1885—Don Amateur B.C. 8 59¼
1886—Albany R.C. 8 1
1887—Winnipeg R.C. 9 33
1888—Toronto R.C. 9 3
1889—Argonaut B.C. 9 17¼
1890—Argonaut R.A. 8 38
1891—Don Amateur R.C. 9 15

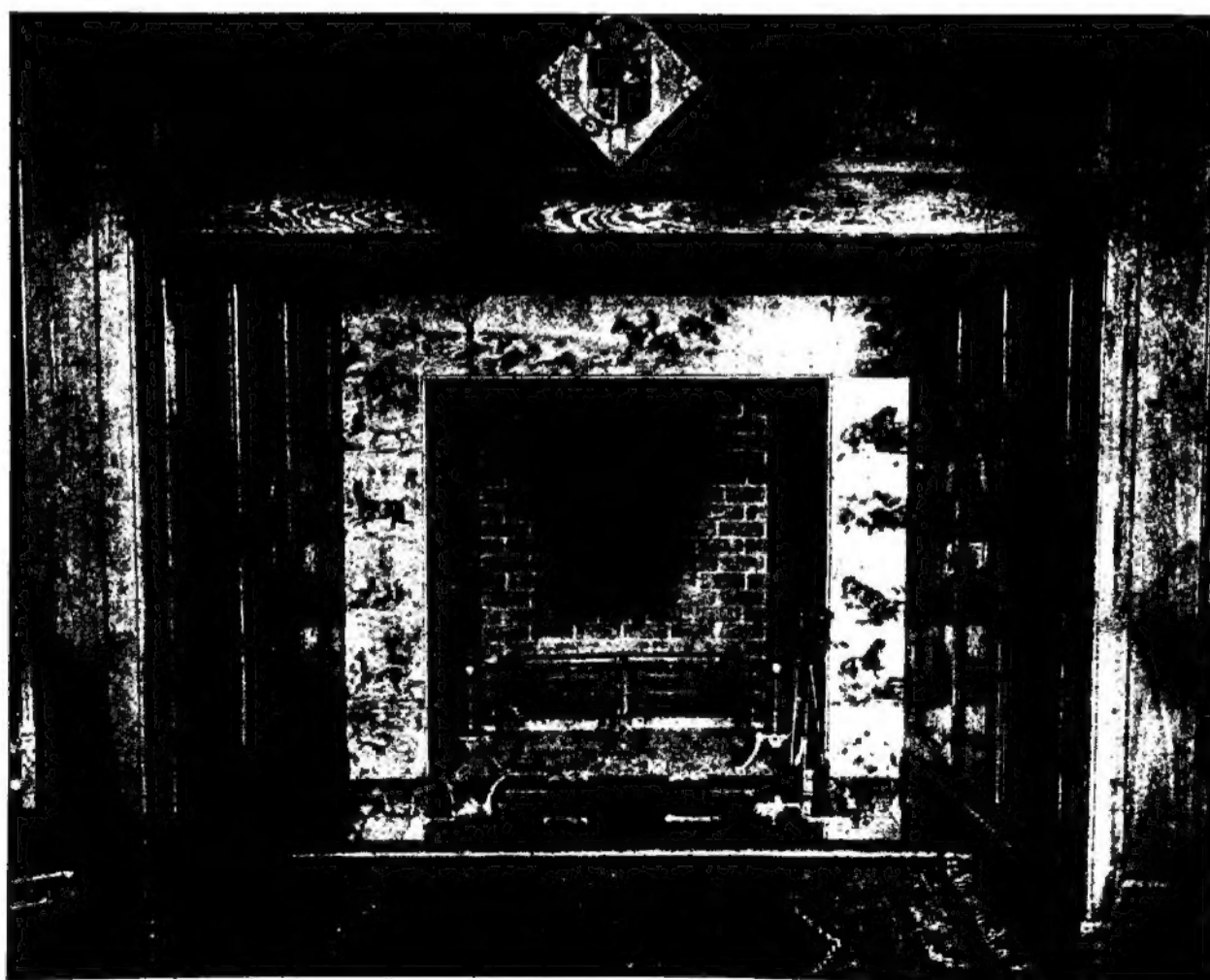
Senior double scull shells. M. S.
1883—W. O'Connell, J. P. Buckley, Portland B.C. 8 31½
1884—C. T. Enright, W. O'Connor, Toronto. 9 31
1885—C. T. Enright, W. O'Connor. R. O.
1886—W. Goepfert, J. O'Reagan, Metropolit. 9 13
1887—A. L. Fox, J. Turnbull, Winnipeg. 13 24
1888—F. Delaney, A. F. Robertson, Don Am. 9 62.5
1889—R. Curran, J. Gray, Bayside B.C. 9 4½
1890—A. Cameron, R. Curran, Bayside B.C. 8 58
1891—L. Case, J. Henderson, Catlin R.C., Chicago. 8 45

Junior double scull shells. M. S.
1887—T. Delaney, A. Robertson, Don Amateur R.C. 11 53.5
1888—C. W. Badgley, P. D. Ross, Ottawa. 10 5¼
1889—J. Stewart, W. Raines, Don Amateur. 9 45
1891—G. H. Muntz, R. G. Muntz, Argonaut R.C. 9 00

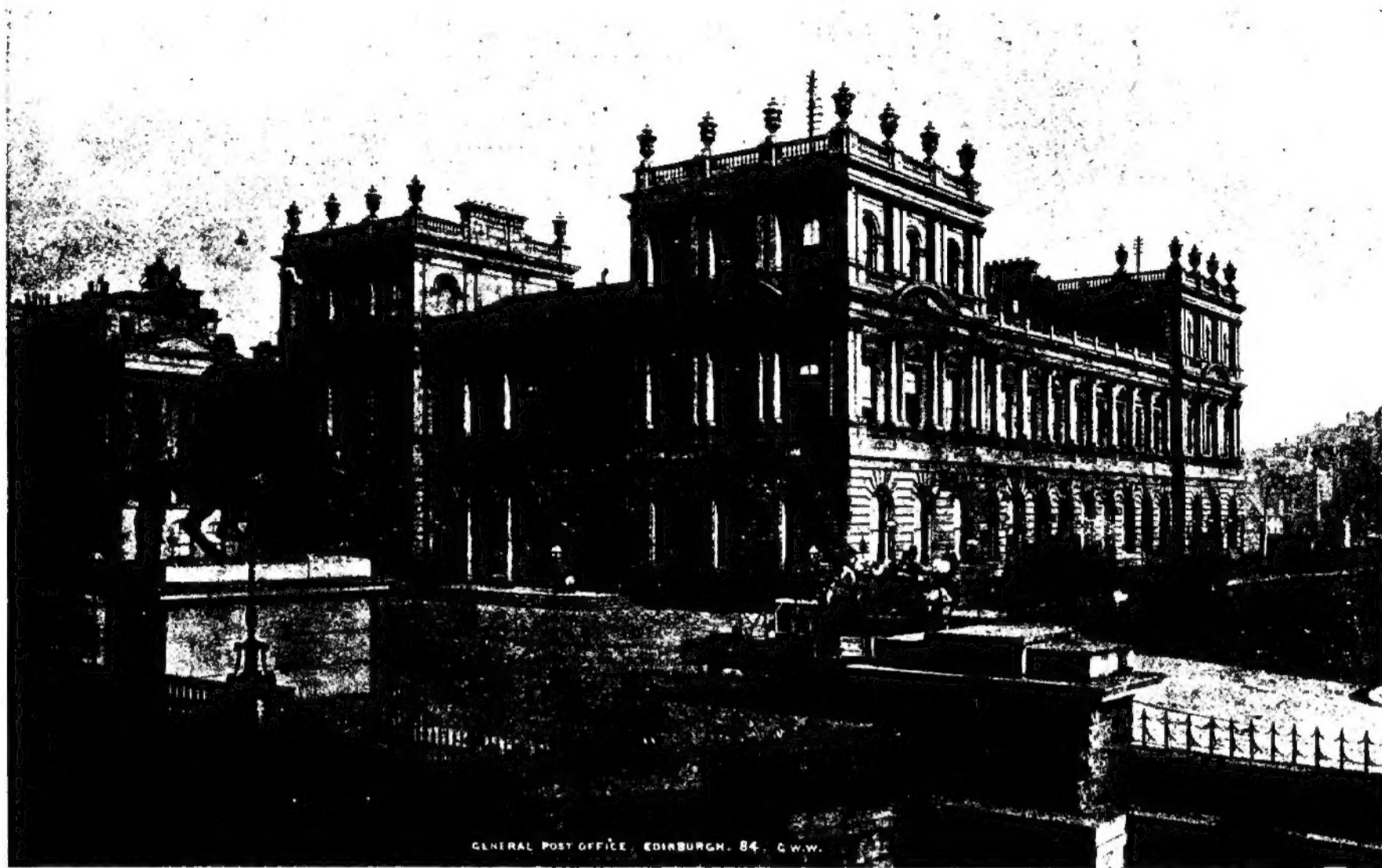
Pair oared shells. M. S.
1885—J. G. Clegg, F. D. Standish, Excelsior. 9 58
1889—F. H. Thompson, J. Wright, Toronto. 11 18
1890—F. D. Standish, F. A. Lyon, Detroit B.C. 9 29
1891—F. D. Standish, F. A. Lyon, Detroit B.C. 11 48

Senior single sculls. M. S.
1883—J. Laing, Grand Trunk B.C. 7 56
1884—J. Laing. 10 16
1885—W. O'Connor, Toronto B.C. 9 30¼
1886—J. J. Ryan, Bayside R.C. 8 52
1887—J. J. Ryan, Bayside R.C. 10 22½
1888—J. J. Ryan, Toronto R.C. 10 9
1889—D. Donahue, Nautilus B.C. 10 33
1890—J. J. Ryan, Toronto R.C. 9 42
1891—J. Henderson, Catlin R.C., Chicago. 9 15

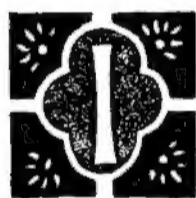
Senior four oared shells. M. S.
1883—Toronto R.C. 7 45
1884—Toronto R.C. 8 34
1885—Nautilus B.C. 8 31
1886—Lachine B.C. 7 50.2.5
1887—Toronto R.C. 9 8 4.5
1888—Nautilus B.C. 9 1 2.5
1889—Nautilus B.C. 9 8
1890—Don Amateur R.C. 9 51
1891—Don Amateur R.C. 9 15



FIRE-PLACE IN DINING HALL OF CLUB HOUSE OF MONTREAL HUNT CLUB.



GENERAL POST OFFICE, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.



SEE that the prize list of our provincial exhibition is now out. It is a fairly well printed and neatly arranged pamphlet of more than 100 pages. The exhibition will be held on the four days following the 28th September; the sum of \$12,000 is offered in premiums, and every branch of agricultural industry is provided for. Races and concerts, pyrotechnic displays and other attractions will draw large crowds to Halifax during the week of the exhibition who may have no other interest in the days' proceedings.

The regatta of the Ladies' Rowing Club which took place recently in Halifax was a success in every sense of the word. The young ladies were all well-known members of society and great interest was taken in the race. The boats started from Thorndale, the residence of Mr. T. E. Kenny, M.P., and proceeded along the North-West Arm to the residence of Dr. Greer, where the course ended. The day was a glorious one, and the fair competitors in their pretty sailor costumes pleased the eye and satisfied the host of friends and spectators who were present. The water was covered in all directions with boats and launches occupied by those who preferred viewing the scene from the water, conspicuous among which were the launches of the Admiral and the General. The young ladies deserve a great deal of praise for their fine rowing; Misses Almon, Flood, Stokes and Story were among those who attracted attention on account of their graceful motions and easy and swift strokes. The honours of the day fell to the share of Miss Abbott and Miss Kitty Kenny, who, from the start, gave every expectation of being the winners of the race, and who gained a well contested victory. This is the sort of amusement and exercise in which we like to see our young ladies taking part; well-developed muscles are no disfigurement to the feminine frame, and the gain in healthy beauty to these fair society damsels from their strong out-of-door exercise is not to be despised by them. A swimming match would be a

new and interesting way of testing the muscular development of our Halifax girls; many of them swim well, and would make good time and distance.

Professor Roberts' guide book to Eastern Canada, published by Appleton & Co., is meeting with a good reception. A well-known New York paper calls it "A guide book that will guide," which description is eminently true. There is no need for me to comment on the workmanship of the book; that it is compiled by our gifted writer, Charles G. D. Roberts, is endorsement enough to the minds of Canadians.

Mr. James McG. Mason, of New Glasgow, N.S., seems to have perfected a very successful invention. Mr. Mason's device is a car coupler which does away with the necessity for a brakeman to go between the cars, and permits him to uncouple the cars while some distance away. "The device," says a prominent American scientific journal, "is so simple, reliable, safe and economical, as to meet in the most effective manner all the mechanical and financial requirements in the case. That Mr. Mason is a man of rare mechanical genius will be evident enough to any practical man who will carefully examine the specifications on file in the Government archives at Washington." We extend our congratulations to Mr. Mason; we are proud that he should be one of us, and trust that he may find his invention the financial satisfaction to him that the complete success of his scheme must always be.

We hear that Sir Arthur Haiburton, youngest son of that famous Nova Scotian judge, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who is so well known as the "Sam Slick" of literary fame, has been appointed Under Secretary of State in the English War Office. Sir Arthur was called to the English Bar, but left the Law for the Army, and served with the commissary department in the Crimean war. He has distinguished himself in various parts of the world, and his home in London is filled with rare and beautiful curiosities collected by him from all quarters of the globe.

Mr. Leary's big raft, containing 3,500,000 feet of lumber, enough to have loaded 35 schooners and to have built a small village, arrived safely in New York from St. John after a voyage of 16 days. Not a stick was lost, though, in a big storm off Mt. Desert, 13 sections of the raft were carried away, and had to be followed and secured by the

"Ocean King," one of the tugs which accompanied the raft. This is the largest raft that has ever attempted an ocean voyage. It was an unwieldy mass, but the tugs made an average of two-and-a-half miles an hour in their journey. It is estimated that Mr. Leary cleared \$9,000 or \$10,000 by his clever device; he is wise to make the most of his time, before legislation interferes with him.

Here is an amusing anecdote, for which the *Charlottetown Guardian* is responsible:

A San Jost law story from the repertory of W. L. Gill: A young lawyer, a friend of his, not noted for intelligence, succeeded in having a client acquitted of murder. Meeting him a few days afterwards Gill was quite warm in congratulations.

"Yes," said the young lawyer, mopping his brow. "I got him off, but it was a narrow escape."

"A narrow escape? how?" enquired Gill.

"Ah, the tightest squeeze you ever saw. You know I examined the witnesses and made the the argument myself, the plea self defence. The jury was out two who's days. Finally the judge called them before him and asked what the trouble was."

"Only one thing, your honour," replied the foreman. "Was the prisoner's attorney retained by him or appointed by the court?"

"No, gentlemen; the prisoner is a man of means," said the judge, "and hired his own attorney."

"I could not see what bearing the question had on the evidence," continued Mr. Gill's young friend, "but ten minutes later in filed the jury, and what do you think the verdict was?"

"What?" asked Gill.

"Why, not guilty, on the ground of insanity."

This year promises to be a most prosperous one in all departments of agriculture in our province. The strawberry crop is a most wonderful one. Four hundred crates of these delicious berries leave King's county daily for outside consumption, and the quality seems to equal the quantity in point of excellence. All the crops are doing well, and apples are going to flood the market. The sea, too, seems to be doing its part well; the lobster fishing has quite satisfied expectations, and the mackerel catch is an exceptionally good one. Verily our people will be able to keep a hearty Thanksgiving Day if all present expectations are fulfilled.